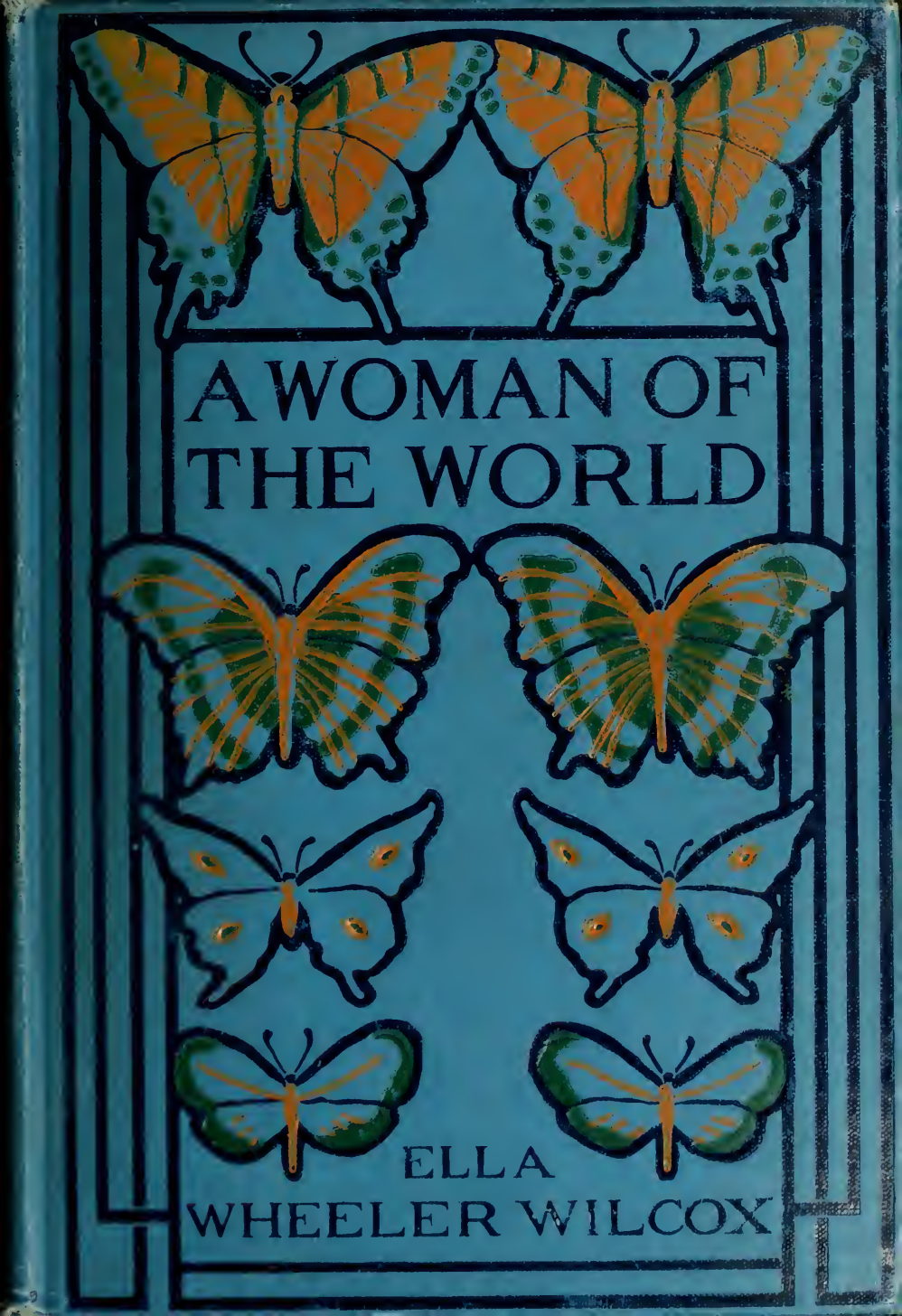
A WOMAN OF THE WORLD
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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# A Woman of the World

*Her Counsel to other People's Sons and Daughters*

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

# A Woman of the World

HER COUNSEL TO OTHER PEOPLE'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS

By

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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# To Mr. Ray Gilbert

*Law Student, Aged Twenty-three*

WERE you an older man, my dear Ray, your letter would be consigned to the flames unanswered, and our friendship would become constrained and formal, if it did not end utterly. But knowing you to be so many years my junior, and so slightly acquainted with yourself or womankind, I am going to be the friend you need, instead of the misfortune you invite.

I will not say that your letter was a complete surprise to me. It is seldom a woman is so unsophisticated in the ways of men that she is not aware when friendship passes the borderline and trespasses on the domain of passion.

I realized on the last two occasions we met that you were not quite normal. The first was

at Mrs. Hanover's dinner; and I attributed some indiscreet words and actions on your part to the very old Burgundy served to a very young man.

Since the memory of mortal, Bacchus has been a confederate of Cupid, and the victims of the former have a period (though brief indeed) of believing themselves slaves to the latter.

As I chanced to be your right-hand neighbour at that very merry board, where wit, wisdom, and beauty combined to condense hours into minutes, I considered it a mere accident that you gave yourself to me with somewhat marked devotion. Had I been any other one of the ladies present, it would have been the same, I thought. Our next and last encounter, however, set me thinking.

It was fully a week later, and that most unromantic portion of the day, between breakfast and luncheon.

It was a Bagby recital, and you sought me out as I was listening to the music, and caused me to leave before the programme was half done. You were no longer under the dominion

of Bacchus, though Euterpe may have taken his task upon herself, as she often does, and your manner and expression of countenance troubled me.

I happen to be a woman whose heart life is absolutely complete. I have realized my dreams, and have no least desire to turn them into nightmares. I like original rôles, too, and that of the really happy wife is less hackneyed than the part of the "misunderstood woman." And I find greater enjoyment in the steady flame of one lamp than in the flaring light of many candles.

I have taken a good deal of pride in keeping my lamp well trimmed and brightly burning, and I was startled and offended at the idea of any man coming so near he imagined he might blow out the light.

Your letter, however, makes me more sorry than angry.

You are passing through a phase of experience which comes to almost every youth, between sixteen and twenty-four.

Your affectional and romantic nature is blossoming out, and you are in that transition period where an older woman appeals to you.

Being crude and unformed yourself, the mature and ripened mind and body attract you.

A very young man is fascinated by an older woman's charms, just as a very old man is drawn to a girl in her teens.

This is according to the law of completion, each entity seeking for what it does not possess.

Ask any middle-aged man of your acquaintance to tell you the years of the first woman he imagined he loved, and you will find you are following a beaten path.

Because you are a worth while young man, with a bright future before you, I am, as I think of the matter, glad you selected me rather than some other less happy or considerate woman, as the object of your regard.

An unhappy wife or an ambitious adventuress might mar your future, and leave you with lowered ideals and blasted prospects.

You tell me in your letter that for "a day of

life and love with me you would willingly give up the world and snap your fingers in the face of conventional society, and even face death with a laugh." It is easy for a passionate, romantic nature to work itself into a mood where those words are felt when written, and sometimes the mood carries a man and a woman through the fulfilment of such assertions. But invariably afterward comes regret, remorse, and disillusion.

No man enjoys having the world take him at his word, when he says he is ready to give it up for the woman he loves.

He wants the woman and the world, too.

In the long run, he finds the world's respect more necessary to his continued happiness than the woman's society.

Just recall the history of all such cases you have known, and you will find my assertions true.

Thank your stars that I am not a reckless woman ready to take you at your word, and thank your stars, too, that I am not a free

woman who would be foolish enough and selfish enough to harness a young husband to a mature wife. I know you resent this reference to the difference in our years, which may not be so marked to the observer to-day, but how would it be ten, fifteen years from now? There are few disasters greater for husband or wife than the marriage of a boy of twenty to a woman a dozen years his senior. For when he reaches thirty-five, despair and misery must almost inevitably face them both.

You must forgive me when I tell you that one sentence in your letter caused a broad smile.

That sentence was, "Would to God I had met you when you were free to be wooed and loved, as never man loved woman before."

Now I have been married ten years, and you are twenty-three years old! You must blame my imagination (not my heart, which has no intention of being cruel) for the picture presented to my mind's eye by your wish.

I saw myself in the full flower of young ladyhood, carrying at my side an awkward lad of

a dozen years, attired in knickerbockers, and probably chewing a taffy stick, yet "wooing and loving as never man loved before."

I suppose, however, the idea in your mind was that you wished Fate had made me of your own age, and left me free for you.

But few boys of twenty-three are capable of knowing what they want in a life companion. Ten years from now your ideal will have changed.

You are in love with love, life, and all womankind, my dear boy, not with me, your friend.

Put away all such ideas, and settle down to hard study and serious ambitions, and seal this letter of yours, which I am returning with my reply, and lay it carefully away in some safe place. Mark it to be destroyed unopened in case of your death. But if you live, I want you to open, re-read and burn it on the evening before your marriage to some lovely girl, who is probably rolling a hoop to-day; and if I am living, I want you to write and thank me for

what I have said to you here. I hardly expect you will feel like doing it now, but I can wait.

Do not write me again until that time, and when we meet, be my good sensible friend — one I can introduce to my husband, for only such friends do I care to know.

# To Miss Winifred Clayborne

*At Vassar College*

My dear Niece: — It was a pleasure to receive so long a letter from you after almost two years of silence. It hardly seems possible that you are eighteen years old. To have graduated from high school with such honours that you are able to enter Vassar at so early an age is much to your credit.

I indulged in a good-natured laugh over your request for my advice regarding a college course. You say, "I remember that I once heard you state that you did not believe in higher education for women, and, therefore, I am anxious to have your opinion of this undertaking of mine."

Now of course, my dear child, what you wish me to say is, that I am charmed with your resolution to graduate from Vassar. You have entered the college fully determined to take a complete course, and you surely would not like a discouraging or disapproving letter from your auntie.

"Please give me your opinion of my course of action" always means, "Please approve of what I am doing."

Well I *do* approve. I always approve when a human being is carrying out a determination, even if I am confident it is the wrong determination.

The really useful knowledge of life must come through strong convictions. Strong convictions are usually obtained only on the pathway of personal experience.

To argue a man out of a certain course of action rarely argues away his own beliefs and desires in the matter. We may save him some bitter experience in the contemplated project, but he is almost certain to find that same bitter

experience later, because he has been coerced, not enlightened.

Had he gained his knowledge in the first instance, he would have escaped the later disaster.

A college education does not seem to me the most desirable thing for a woman, unless she intends to enter into educational pursuits as a means of livelihood. I understand it is your intention to become a teacher, and, therefore, you are wise to prepare yourself by a thorough education. *Be the very best*, in whatever line of employment you enter.

Scorn any half-way achievements. Make yourself a brilliantly educated woman, but look to it that in the effort you do not forget two other important matters — health and sympathy. My objection to higher education for women, which you once heard me express, is founded on the fact that I have met many college women who were anæmic and utterly devoid of emotion. One beautiful young girl I recall who at fourteen years of age seemed to embody all the physical and temperamental charms possible for

womankind. Softly rounded features, vivid colouring, voluptuous curves of form, yet delicacy and refinement in every portion of her anatomy, she breathed love and radiated sympathy. I thought of her as the ideal woman in embryo; and the brightness of her intellect was the finishing touch to a perfect girlhood. I saw her again at twenty-four. She had graduated from an American college and had taken two years in a foreign institution of learning. She had carried away all the honours — but, alas, the higher education had carried away all her charms of person and of temperament. Attenuated, pallid, sharp-featured, she appeared much older than her years, and the lovely, confiding and tender qualities of mind, which made her so attractive to older people, had given place to cold austerity and hypercriticism.

Men were only objects of amusement, indifference, or ridicule to her. Sentiment she regarded as an indication of crudity, emotion as an insignia of vulgarity. The heart was a purely physical organ, she knew from her studies in

anatomy. It was no more the seat of emotion than the liver or lungs. The brain was the only portion of the human being which appealed to her, and "educated" people were the only ones who interested her, because they were capable of argument and discussion of intellectual problems — her one source of entertainment.

Half an hour in the society of this overtrained young person left one exhausted and disillusioned with brainy women. I beg you to pay no such price for an education as this young girl paid. I remember you as a robust, rosy girl, with charming manners. Your mother was concerned, on my last visit, because I called you a pretty girl in your hearing. She said the one effort of her life was to rear a sensible Christian daughter with no vanity. She could not understand my point of view when I said I should regret it if a daughter of mine was without vanity, and that I should strive to awaken it in her. Cultivate enough vanity to care about your personal appearance and your deportment. No amount of education can rec-

ompense a woman for the loss of complexion, figure, or charm. And do not let your emotional and affectional nature grow atrophied.

Control your emotions, but do not crucify them.

Do not mistake frigidity for serenity, nor austerity for self-control. Be affable, amiable, and sweet, no matter how much you know. And listen more than you talk.

The woman who knows how to show interest is tenfold more attractive than the woman who is for ever anxious to instruct. Learn how to call out the best in other people, and lead them to talk of whatever most interests them. In this way you will gain a wide knowledge of human nature, which is the best education possible. Try and keep a little originality of thought, which is the most difficult of all undertakings while in college; and, if possible, be as lovable a woman when you go forth into the world "finished" as when you entered the doors of your Alma Mater: for to be unlovable is a far greater disaster than to be uneducated.

# To Edna Gordon

*During Her Honeymoon*

I AM very much flattered that you should write your first letter as Mrs. Gordon to me. Its receipt was a surprise, as I have known you so slightly — only when we were both guests under a friend's roof for one week.

I had no idea that you were noticing me particularly at that time, there was such a merry crowd of younger people about you. How careful we matrons should be, when in the presence of débutantes, for it seems they are taking notes for future reference!

I am glad that my behaviour and conversation were such that you feel you can ask me for instructions at this important period of your life. Here is the text you have given me:

*"I want you to tell me, dear Mrs. West, how to be as happy, and loved, and loving, after fifteen years of married life, as you are. I so dread the waning of my honeymoon."*

And now you want me to preach you a little sermon on this text. Well, my dear girl, I am at a disadvantage in not knowing you better, and not knowing your husband at all.

Husbands are like invalids, each needs a special prescription, according to his ailment.

But as all invalids can be benefited by certain sensible suggestions, like taking simple food, and breathing and exercising properly, and sleeping with open windows or out-of-doors, so all husbands can be aided toward perpetual affection by the observance of some general laws, on the part of the wife.

I am, of course, to take it for granted that you have married a man with principles and ideals, a man who loves you and desires to make a good husband. I know you were not so unfortunate as to possess a large amount of property for any man to seek, and so I can rely

upon the natural supposition that you were married for love.

It might be worth your while, right now, while your husband's memory is fresh upon the subject, to ask him what particular characteristics first won his attention, and what caused him to select you for a life companion.

Up to the present moment, perhaps, he has never told you any more substantial reason for loving you than the usual lovers' explanation — "Just because." But if you ask him to think it over, I am sure he can give you a more explicit answer.

After you have found what qualities, habits, actions, or accomplishments attracted him, write them down in a little book and refer to them two or three times a year. On these occasions ask yourself if you are keeping these attractions fresh and bright as they were in the days of courtship. Women easily drop the things which won a man's heart, and are unconscious that the change they bemoan began in themselves. But do not imagine you can rest

at ease after marriage with only the qualities, and charms, and virtues, which won you a lover. To keep a husband in love is a more serious consideration than to win a lover.

You must add year by year to your attractions.

As the deep bloom of first youth passes, you must cultivate mental and spiritual traits which will give your face a lustre from within.

And as the mirth and fun of life drifts farther from you, and you find the merry jest, which of old turned care into laughter, less ready on your lip, you must cultivate a wholesome optimistic view of life, to sustain your husband through the trials and disasters besetting most mortal paths.

Make one solemn resolve now, and never forget it. Say to yourself, "On no other spot, in no other house on earth, shall my husband find a more cheerful face, a more loving welcome, or a more restful atmosphere, than he finds at home."

No matter what vicissitudes arise, and what

complications occur, keep that resolve. It will at least help to sustain you with a sense of self-respect, if unhappiness from any outside source should shadow your life. An attractive home has become a sort of platitude in speech, but it remains a thing of vital importance, all the same, in actual life and in marriage.

Think often and speak frequently to your husband of his good qualities and of the things you most admire in him.

Sincere and judicious praise is to noble nature like spring rain and sun to the earth. Ignore or make light of his small failings, and when you must criticize a serious fault, do not dwell upon it. A husband and wife should endeavour to be such good friends that kindly criticism is accepted as an evidence of mutual love which desires the highest attainments for its object.

But no man likes to think his wife has set about the task of making him over, and if you have any such intention I beg you to conceal it, and go about it slowly and with caution.

## A Woman of the World

A woman who knows how to praise more readily than she knows how to criticize, and who has the tact and skill to adapt herself to a man's moods and to find amusement and entertainment in his whims, can lead him away from their indulgence without his knowledge.

Such women are the real reformers of men, though they scorn the word, and disclaim the effort.

It is well to keep a man conscious that you are a refined and delicate-minded woman, yet do not insist upon being worshipped on a pedestal. It tires a man's neck to be for ever gazing upward, and statues are less agreeable companions than human beings.

If you wish to be thought spotless marble, instead of warm flesh and blood, you should have gone into a museum, and refused marriage. Remember God knew what He was about, when He fashioned woman to be man's companion, mate, and mother of his children.

Respect yourself in all those capacities, and

regard the fulfilment of each duty as sacred and beautiful.

Do not thrust upon the man's mind continually the idea that you are a vastly higher order of being than he is.

He will reach your standard much sooner if you come half-way and meet him on the plane of common sense and human understanding. Meantime let him never doubt your abhorrence of vulgarity, and your distaste for the familiarity which breeds contempt.

It is a great art, when a wife knows how to attract a husband year after year, with the allurements of the boudoir, and never to disillusion him with the familiarities of the dressing-room.

Such women there are, who have lived with their lovers in poverty's close quarters, and through sickness and trouble, and yet have never brushed the bloom from the fruit of romance. But she who needs to be told in what this art consists, would never understand, and she who understands, need not be told.

Keep your husband certain of the fact that his attention and society is more agreeable to you than that of any other man. But never beg for his attentions, and do not permit him to think you are incapable of enjoying yourself without his playing the devoted cavalier.

The moment a man feels such an attitude is compulsory, it becomes irksome. Learn how to entertain yourself. Cling to your accomplishments and add others. A man admires a progressive woman who keeps step with the age. Study, and think, and read, and cultivate the art of listening. This will make you interesting to men and women alike, and your husband will hear you praised as an agreeable and charming woman, and that always pleases a man, as it indicates his good taste and good luck.

Avoid giving your husband the impression that you expect a detailed account of every moment spent away from you. Convince him that you believe in his honour and loyalty, and that you have no desire to control or influence

his actions in any matters which do not conflict with his self-respect or your pride.

Cultivate the society of the women he admires. There is both wisdom and tact in such a course.

Wisdom in making an ideal a reality, and tact in avoiding any semblance of that most unbecoming fault — jealousy.

Let him see that you have absolute faith in your own powers to hold him, and that you respect him too much to mistake a frank admiration for an unworthy sentiment. Do not hesitate to speak with equal frankness of the qualities you admire in other men. Educate him in liberality and generosity, by example.

Allow no one to criticize him in your presence, and do not discuss his weaknesses with others. I have known wives to meet in conclaves, and dissect husbands for an entire afternoon. And each wife seemed anxious to pose as the most neglected and unappreciated woman of the lot. With all the faults of the

sterner sex, I never heard of such a caucus of husbands.

Take an interest in your husband's business affairs, and sympathize with the cares and anxieties which beset him. Distract his mind with pleasant or amusing conversation, when you find him nervous and fagged in brain and body.

Yet do not feel that you must never indicate any trouble of your own, for it is conducive to selfishness when a wife hides all her worries and indispositions to listen to those of her husband. But since the work-a-day world, outside the home, is usually filled with irritations for a busy man, it should be a wife's desire to make his home-coming a season of anticipation and joy.

Do not expect a husband to be happy and contented with a continuous diet of love and sentiment and romance. He needs also much that is practical and commonplace mingled with his mental food.

I have known an adoring young wife to irri-

tate Cupid so he went out and sat on the door-step, contemplating flight, by continual neglect of small duties.

There were never any matches in the receivers; when the husband wanted one he was obliged to search the house. The newspaper he had folded and left ready to read at leisure was used to light the fire, although an overfilled waste-basket stood near. The towel-rack was empty just when he wanted his bath, and his bedroom slippers were always kicked so far under the bed that he was obliged to crawl on all fours to reach them.

Then his loving spouse was sure to want to be "cuddled" when he was smoking his cigar and reading, — a triple occupation only possible to a human freak, with three arms, four eyes, and two mouths.

Therefore I would urge you, my dear Edna, to mingle the practical with the ideal, and common sense with sentiment, and tact with affection, in your domestic life.

These general rules are all I can give to guide

your barque into the smooth sea of marital happiness.

It is a wide sea, with many harbours and ports, and no two ships start from exactly the same point or take exactly the same course. You will encounter rocks and reefs, perhaps, which my boat escaped, and I have no chart to guide you away from those rocks.

If I knew you better, and knew your husband at all, I might steer you a little farther out of Honeymoon Bay into calm waters, and tell you how to reef your sails, and how to tack at certain junctures of the voyage, and with the wind in certain directions.

But if you keep your heart full of love, your mind clear of distrust, and your lips free from faultfinding, and if you pray for guidance and light upon your way, I am sure you cannot miss the course.

# To Miss Gladys Weston

*Who Faces the Necessity to Earn a Living*

It is indeed a problem, my dear Gladys, to face stern-visaged Necessity after walking with laughing-lipped Pleasure for twenty-two years.

What an unforeseen event that your father should sink his fortune in a rash venture and die of remorse and discouragement scarcely six months after you were travelling through Europe with me, and laughing at my vain attempts to make you economize.

You have acted the noble and womanly part, in using the last dollar of your father's property to pay his debts, and I could imagine you doing no other way.

But now comes the need of earning a livelihood for yourself, and your delicate mother.

I know you have gone over the list of your accomplishments and taken stock of all your inherited and acquired qualities. You play the piano well, but in these days of Paderewskies and pianolas, no one wants to employ a young girl music-teacher. You do not sing, and if you did, that would not afford you a means of support. The best of natural voices need a fortune spent before half a fortune can be earned.

You dance like a fairy, and swim like a mermaid, and ride like an Indian princess, but these accomplishments are not lucrative, save in a Midway Plaisance or a Wild West show. You are well educated and your memory is remarkable. You have a facility in mathematics, and your knowledge of grammar and rhetoric will, as you say, enable you to pass the examination for a teacher in the public schools after a little brushing up and study. Then, with the political influence of your father's old friends, you will no doubt be able to obtain a position.

## To Miss Gladys Weston

I recollect you as surpassingly skilful with the needle. I know you once saw a charming morning gown in Paris which I persuaded you not to buy at the absurd price asked for it, after the merchant understood we were Americans. And I remember how you passed to another department, purchased materials, went home to our hotel, and cut and made a surprising imitation of the gown at one-tenth the cost.

Why have you not considered turning this talent to account? Though the world goes to war and ruin, yet women will dress, and the need of good seamstresses ever exists.

Go to some enterprising half-grown Western or interior Eastern town, announce yourself in possession of all the Paris styles (as you are), and launch out. Increase your prices gradually, and go abroad on your savings at the end of a year, then come back with new ideas, a larger stock, and higher prices.

You will be on the road to fortune, and can retire with a competence before you are middle-aged.

A little skill with the scissors and needle, lots of courage and audacity, and original methods will make a woman succeed in this line of endeavour.

But why do I not approve of the profession upon which you have almost decided — that of teaching — you ask.

I will tell you why.

Next to motherhood, the profession of teacher in public or private schools is the most important one on earth.

It is, in a certain sense, more responsible than that of motherhood, since the work of poor and bad mothers must be undone by the teacher, and where the mother has three or four children for a period of years to influence, the teacher has hundreds continually. There are very few perfect teachers. There are too few excellent ones. There are too many poor ones. I do not believe you possess the requisites for the calling.

A teacher should first of all love children as a class. Their dependence, their ignorance,

their helplessness, and their unformed characters should appeal to a woman's mind, and make her forget their many and varied faults and irritating qualities. You like lovable, well-bred, and interesting children, but you are utterly indifferent to all others. You adore beauty, and an ugly child offends your taste. A stupid child irritates you.

You have a wonderful power of acquiring and remembering information, but you do not possess the knack of readily imparting it. You expect others to grasp ideas in the same way you do. This will make you unsympathetic and impatient as a teacher. You have no conception of the influence a teacher exerts upon children in public schools. You were educated in private schools and at home, I know. I attended the country public school, and to this day I can recall the benefits and misfortunes which resulted to me from association with different teachers. Children are keenly alive to the moods of teachers and are often adepts in mind-reading.

A teacher should be able to enter into the hearts and souls of the children under her charge, and she should find as great pleasure in watching their minds develop as the musical genius in watching a composition grow under his touch.

An infinite number of things not included in the school routine should be taught by teachers. Courtesy, kindness to dependents and weaker creatures, a horror of cruelty in all forms, a love of nature, politeness to associates, low speaking and light walking, cleanliness and refinement of manner, — all these may be imparted by a teacher who loves to teach, without extra time or fatigue. I fear a proud disdain, and a scarcely hidden disgust, would be plainly visible in your demeanour toward the majority of the untrained little savages given to your charge in a public school. You have not the love of humanity at large in your heart, nor the patience and perseverance to make you take an optimistic view in the colossal work of developing the minds of children. Therefore it seems to me

almost a sin for you to undertake the profession merely because you need to earn a living. There are other things to be considered besides your necessities. Fond as I am of you, I have the betterment of humanity at my heart, too, and cannot feel it is right for you to place yourself in a position where you will not be doing the best for those dependent upon you that could be done.

I have given up hope of seeing mothers made to realize their responsibilities. But I still have hope of the teachers. On them and their full understanding of all it is in their power to do, lies the hope of the world.

Therefore, my dear girl, I urge you to take up dressmaking or millinery instead of school-teaching.

If you ruin a piece of goods in the making, you can replace it and profit by your error. But if you mar a child's nature in your attempt to teach him, you have done an irreparable injury not only to him but to humanity.

If you saw a design started by a lace-maker,

you would not think of taking the work and attempting to complete it until you had learned the art of lace-making.

Just so you ought not to think of developing the wonderful intricacies of a child's mind until you have learned how.

It is all right to deliberately choose a vocation which gives us contact only with inanimate things, but we have no right to take the handling of human souls unless we are specially fitted for the task.

# To Clarence St. Claire

*Regarding His Sister's Betrothal*

YOUR request, my dear Clarence, that I try to influence your sister to change her determination in this matter, calls for some very plain statements from me.

I have known you and Elise since you were playing with marbles and rattles, and your mother and I have been very good acquaintances (scarcely intimate enough to be called friends) for more than a score of years. You are very much like your mother, both in exterior appearance and in mind. Elise is the image of her father at the time he captured your mother's romantic fancy, and as I recollect him when he died.

You were five years old, Elise three, at that

time. Your mother lived with your father six years in months, an eternity in experience. You know that she was unhappy, and that he disillusioned her with love, and almost with life. He married your mother solely for her fortune. She was a sweet and beautiful girl, of excellent family, but your father had no qualities of mind or soul which enabled him to appreciate or care for any woman, save as she could be of use to him, socially and financially.

In six years he managed to dispose of all but a mere pittance of her fortune, and humiliated her in a thousand ways besides. His only decent act was to die and leave her undisturbed for the remainder of her life. Your uncle assisted in her support and saved the remnant of her property, so that she has, by careful and rigorous economy, been able to educate you and Elise, and keep up a respectable appearance in a quiet way.

Of course it was impossible to retain her place among the associates of her better days, and you know how bitter this fact has always made

Elise. Your sister has the physical beauty and the overwhelming love of money and power which characterized your father. She has a modicum of your mother's sense of honour, but has been reared in a way not calculated to develop much strength of character. Your mother has been a slave to your sister. Elise is incapable of a deep, intense love for any man, and your mother's pessimistic ideas of love and marriage have still further acted upon her brain cells and atrophied whatever impulses may have been latent in her nature, to love and be loved. These qualities might have been developed had Elise been under the tutelage of some one versed in the science of brain building, but your mother, like most mothers, was not aware of the tremendous possibilities within her grasp, or of the effect of the ideas she expressed in the hearing of her children. Neither did she seem to recognize the father's traits in Elise, and undertake the work of eliminating them, as she might have done. She has been an unselfish and devoted mother, and has made too many sacri-

fices for Elise. At the same time, she has awakened the mind of your sister to ideals of principle and honour which will help her to be a better woman than her inheritance from your father would otherwise permit. But now, at the age of twenty-one, it is impossible to hope that she will develop into a self-sacrificing, loving, womanly woman, whose happiness can be found in a peaceful domestic life. She has seen your mother sad and despondent, under the yoke of genteel poverty, and heard her bemoan her lost privileges of wealth and station. This, added to her natural craving for money and place, renders a wealthy marriage her only hope of happiness on earth.

Mr. Volney has an enormous fortune. He is, as you say, a senile old man in his dotage. As you say again, such a marriage is a travesty. But Elise is incapable of feeling the love which alone renders marriage a holy institution. She has undesirable qualities which ought not to be transmitted to children, and she is absolutely devoid of maternal instincts.

I have heard her say she would consider motherhood the greatest disaster which could befall her. But she is unfitted for a self-supporting career, and she wants a home and position.

She has beauty, kind and generous impulses, and a love of playing Lady Bountiful. It is not so much that she wants to benefit the needy, as that she likes to place people under obligations and to have them look up to her as a superior being.

Old Mr. Volney is a miser, and his money is doing no one good. He has only distant relatives, and by taking Elise for a wife (according to law) he will wrong no one, and she will make much better use of his fortune than his heirs would make.

Your mother will be relieved of worry and care. Many worthy poor people and charities will receive help, and Elise will have her heart's desire — fine apparel, jewels, a social position, and no one to bother her. The valet and nurse will look after Mr. Volney, and his simple old

heart will bask in the pride of an old man — the possession of a pretty young wife.

Had he full use of his mental faculties, and did he long for love and devotion, I would try and dissuade Elise from the marriage, but solely on *his* account, not on hers.

The young man you mention, as your choice of a suitor for the hand of your sister, might better go up in a balloon to seek for Eutopia than to expect happiness as her husband. He has a sweet, gentle, loving nature, a taste for quiet home joys, fondness for children, and he has two thousand a year, with small prospects of more in the near future.

He should marry a modest, domestic girl, with tastes similar to his own, and with no overweening ambitions. Elise would simply drive him mad in a year's time, with her restless discontent, her extravagance, and her desire for the expensive pleasures of earth. It is useless to reason with her, or to expect her to model her ideas to suit her circumstances. Inheritance and twenty-one years of wrong educa-

tion must be taken into consideration. What would mean happiness for many women would mean misery for her. I can imagine no more dreadful destiny than to be tied to a senile old man by a legal ceremony, even were I given his millions in payment. But that will mean happiness to Elise.

I think we should let people seek their own ideals of happiness, when they break no law, and injure no other life by it.

I shall congratulate Elise by this post on having made so fortunate an alliance. I could not congratulate her were she to marry her young suitor. I shall congratulate your mother on having nothing to worry about, regarding the future of Elise.

And I advise you to take a philosophical view of the situation, and to remember that, in judging the actions of our fellow beings, we must take their temperaments, characteristics, and environment into consideration, not our own.

You have made the very common error of thinking, because Elise is a handsome young girl,

that love, and home, and children would mean happiness to her.

Women vary as greatly as do plants and flowers in their needs. The horticulturist knows that he cannot treat them all alike, and he studies their different requirements.

To some he gives moisture and sun, to some shade, and to some dry, sandy soil. The thistle pushes forth a gorgeous bloom from an arid bed. It would die in the pond where the lily thrives.

Too much sentiment is wasted in this world and too much effort expended in trying to make all people happy in some one way.

When I was a little girl, a Sunday-school superintendent presented every girl in the class with a doll, and each doll was exactly the same. Most little girls like dolls, but I never played with one, as they were always so hopelessly inanimate. If the good man had given me a sled, or a book, or a picture, I would have been happy. As it was, his gift was a failure. You want to present your sister with a devoted young

husband, a cottage, and several children, because you think every woman should possess these things. Your sister happens to be one who prefers a wealthy old invalid.

Let her have what she wants, my dear Clarence, and let her work out her destiny in her own way. She will do less harm in the world than if you forced her into your way. Now you must remember that you asked me to help you in this matter, and I could only write you the absolute facts of the situation, as I knew it to be. I feel fairly confident that you will accept my point of view, and act as best man at your sister's wedding.

# To Miss Margaret Riley

*Shop Girl, Concerning Her Oppressors*

Your letter has been destroyed, as you requested, and you need not fear my betraying your confidence.

Your mother was so long in my employ that I feel almost like a foster-mother to you, having seen you grow up from the cradle to self-supporting young womanhood.

The troubles and evils which you mention as existing about you, I know to be quite universal in all large shops, factories, and department stores, indeed in all houses where the two sexes are employed.

I know that a certain order of men in power

use that power to lower the ideals and standards of womanhood when they can.

A pretty young girl once in my service related to me the cold-blooded suggestions made to her by her employer to increase the miserable wage paid her in a sweat-shop.

The sacrifice of her virtue seemed no more to this man than the sale of an old garment.

The girl did not make the sacrifice, however, and she did not starve, freeze, or die. She managed to exist and to better her condition by doing domestic work and saving her money to fit herself for more congenial employment. When I last saw her she was planning to become a trained nurse, and had paid for a course of instruction in massage. I tell you this merely to illustrate a fact I fully believe, that any girl who is determined to live an honourable life and retain her self-respect can make her way in the world and rise from lesser to higher positions, if she is patient and willing to do what is termed menial work as a stepping-stone. You tell me that scores of girls are kept in poorly paying,

inferior positions when capable of filling better places, simply because they will not accept the dishonourable attentions of some of the men in authority.

You beg me to arouse the good women of America to a crusade against what you say is a growing evil and to boycott such shops and stores.

But you ask me to do what is an impracticable thing.

You would not like to be called as a witness were this matter brought before the courts. Were all the good women of America to begin such a crusade, where would they obtain the proofs of their accusations?

And even if the witnesses were ready, there is not a newspaper in the land that would dare champion the reform. And no great reform can be made without the aid of the press. The daily papers, as you say, give columns to protests against lesser evils, but you must know that these newspapers are largely supported by the profitable advertisements of manufactories

and dry-goods houses. Glance over the columns of any of our large dailies and see how much space such advertising occupies.

Imagine what it would mean to lose all this high-priced patronage. Therefore, even if the most moral of editors knew that these establishments were undermining our social conditions and invading our homes, I doubt if he could be induced to make a protest. It is a curious thing to see how many are the kinds of victims caught and held in the clutches of the money-devil-fish in our wonderful land of freedom.

Even clergymen who are preaching morality and brotherly love are compelled to keep their mouths shut on certain evils and abuses, lest they offend the pillars of the church and deprive the treasury of its income.

In a certain New England town famous for its educational institution, a clergyman denounced a corporation which had swindled the poor and deceived scores of citizens. He was requested to discontinue further references to the matter, as the church treasury was sup-

plied by the money which accrued from this monopoly.

The most powerful members of the church were officers in the corporation.

The young clergyman sent in his resignation and gave up an assured salary to follow the light of his own conscience. But there are few with his bravery and, therefore, the strongholds of selfishness and self-indulgence remain impregnable. While we admire the splendid character which makes a man capable of refusing a salary which means hush-money, we can at the same time understand the difficult position of a clergyman with a hungry brood of children to support, who hesitates at such a move. We can understand how he argues with himself, that by taking the money of the monopolists, he is able to do more good for humanity than by refusing it, and losing both influence and income. It is a false argument, yet the worn and weary mind of the average orthodox minister will accept it as the advisable course to pursue. So you will see how difficult is the task you suggest my undertaking.

## To Miss Margaret Riley

You tell me that it is useless for you to leave one shop and go to another, as all are more or less conducted on the same lines; and that it is mere chance if a girl finds herself in a position where she can advance on her merits. Even then a sudden change in heads of departments some day may destroy all her hopes.

You say I have no idea how many girls go wrong just through the persecution and tyranny of these men — forced to fall in order to keep herself fed and clothed. I repeat what I said already in this connection, — that I am certain any girl determined to keep herself above reproach and ambitious to rise in the world can do so. She may have to endure many privations and sorrows for a time, and that time may seem long and weary, *but a change will come for the better as surely as spring follows winter, if she does not waver.*

If you will look carefully into the facts of the cases which fall under your observation, I am confident you will see that it is vanity and indolence, not hunger and oppression, which cause

the majority of the girls you mention to go astray. They desire to make as good an appearance, and to be given the same privileges of leisure, as the favourite who has been promoted through unworthy methods.

You tell me you would rather jump from Brooklyn Bridge and end the struggle at once than lose your self-respect, but that you are weary of seeing the girls with less conscience, and lesser capabilities, pushed ahead of you and your worthy associates. Yet I am certain from the tone of your letter that you will never forget your self-respect, and I have faith that you can make your way in the world in spite of all the designing masculine oppressors in existence.

So will any woman, who sets her mark high, and believes in the invincible power of her own spirit to conquer all the demons of earth.

Do not imagine your position is one of unusual trial and temptation. A young actress of my acquaintance has been obliged to fight her way slowly to partial recognition because she would not accept the conditions offered, with

leading rôles and fine wardrobe, by two polygamous-minded managers.

She is making her way, however, and the very battle she is fighting with life has strengthened her powers as an artist. A young stenographer has been compelled to give up two positions because she would not allow the lover-like attentions of married employers. She was called a silly prude and discharged. Yet she is occupying an excellent position with a clean high-class business house to-day.

Domestics are sometimes driven from private homes by the same pursuit of the employer. Men are only in a state of evolution, and the animal instincts are still strong in them. The world has allowed them so much license, and society has been so lenient with their misdeeds, that it has been difficult for them to practise self-control and aspire to a higher standard. You must be sorry for them and do what you can to help them understand the worth and value of true womanhood. Never for one instant believe that you can be hindered by the

machinations of a few unworthy men, from reaching any goal you set.

One good, intelligently virtuous woman, determined to make the most of her capabilities by fair methods, can overcome a whole army of self-indulgent, sensual men, and compel them to doff their hats to her. I am always deeply sympathetic toward the girl who is tempted through her emotions, or her affections, to forget herself. But I have no great pity for the woman who sells herself. There are always charitable societies, and there are always menial labours to do, and either door of escape from the sale of honour would be sought by the girl of right ideals. It is a bitter experience to see the woman who *has* stepped down into the soil of life flaunting her finery and her power in the face of virtue. But look about you and see how soon the finery becomes tatters — how soon the power is transferred to another.

Woman's position in the world is growing better, brighter, and more independent with each year. There are more avenues open to her —

larger opportunities waiting for the employment of her abilities. She has tried a thorny path for centuries, but she has small reason to despair of her outlook to-day.

Each woman must fight her battle alone, and walk by the light from within.

The world gives her only a superficial protection, either through its courts or its society.

Men demand virtue from woman and endeavour in every way to lead her away from its path.

But the divinity within her can carry her to the heights, if she will not be lured by the voice of the senses, or frightened by the demands of the appetite, or debased by the mercenary spirit of the age.

Go on in your brave determination to lead a sensible and moral life, my dear girl, and let your example be a guide to others, and prove that woman may succeed on the right basis if she will, in spite of temptations and oppressions.

# To Miss Gladys Weston

*After Three Years as a Teacher*

The way you took my frank criticisms and doubts of your ability to make a good school-teacher, proves you to be a girl of much character. Your success proves, too, that given the general qualifications of a fairly capable and educated human being, add concentration and will, and we can achieve wonders in any line of work we undertake. I am still of the opinion that no woman of my acquaintance was more wholly unfit to teach young children, as they should be taught, than your fair self as I last knew you.

I take pride in believing that my heroic methods were what brought out the undeveloped qualities you needed to ensure such success.

There are certain natures that need to be antagonized before they do their best. Others are prostrated and robbed of all strength by a criticism or a doubt.

You have realized this, I am sure, in your experiences with pupils. "*You cannot do it*" is a more stimulating war-cry to some people than "*You can.*" And to such the sneer of the foe does more good, than the smile of the friend. A phrenologist would tell us that strongly developed organs of self-esteem and love of approbation accompanied this trait of character.

I am sure it proves to be the case with you.

Brought up as you were, the only child of indulgent parents, and given admiration and praise by all your associates, you could hardly reach the age of twenty-two without having developed self-esteem and love of praise. You were naturally brighter than most of your companions. (They were also children of fortune, as the term goes, but to my idea the children reared in wealth, are usually children of misfortune. For the real fortune of life is to encounter the

discipline which brings out our strongest qualities.)

Your father was a poor boy, who fought his way up to wealth and power before you were born; but he unfortunately wanted the earth beside, and so died in poverty after staking all he had, which was enough, to make more, which he did not need.

You inherit much of his force of character, and that is what gave you the reputation of extreme cleverness among your more commonplace companions. Compared with the really brilliant and talented people of earth, you are not clever. That is why I found you so companionable and charming, no doubt; for the brilliant people — especially women — are rarely companionable for more than a few hours at a time. I gave you that supreme test of friendship — the companionship of travel for a period of months. And I loved you better at the end of the time than at the beginning.

I have often thought how much less occupation there would be for the divorce courts and

how many more "indefinitely postponed" announcements of engagements would result from an established custom of a pre-betrothal trip!

If a young man and woman who were enamoured could travel for two or three months, with a chaperon (in the shape of a mother-in-law or two), the lawyers would lose much profit; but I fear race suicide might ensue. Nothing, unless it is the sick-room or the card-table, brings out the real characteristics of human beings like travel.

The irritating delays of boats and trains, and the still more irritating unresponsiveness of officials, when asked the cause, will test the temper and the patience of even a pair of lovers. It is not surprising if the traveller does lose both at times, but it is admirable if he does not. I remember how adorable you were, while I was a bundle of dynamite, ready to explode and send the stolid, uncommunicative conductor and brakemen into a journey through space, when we suffered that long delay coming from California. It is due the travelling public to

explain such delays, but the railroads of America have grown to feel that they owe no explanation to any one, even to God, for what they do or do not. While I lost vitality and composure by such idle reflections, you were amusing the nervous travellers by your bright bits of narrative and ready repartee. That fortunate fellow you have promised to marry at the end of two years has no idea what a charming companion he will find in you for travel.

It is interesting to have you say you feel that you need two more years as a teacher, before you are fully developed enough to take up the responsibilities of marriage. You will be twenty-seven then: — that is the age at which the average American girl begins to be most interesting, and the age when she is first physically mature.

And your children will be more fully endowed mentally than if you had become a mother in your teens.

As a rule the brainy people of the world are not born of very youthful parents; you will find

youth gives physique, maturity gives brains to offspring.

I did not quite finish my train of reasoning about your self-esteem.

It was because you had always believed yourself to be capable of doing anything you undertook to do, that you were roused by my assertion that you could not make a good school-teacher, to attempt it. I hurt your pride a bit, and you were determined to prove me wrong. Had you been self-depreciating and oversensitive, what I said would have turned you from that field of effort. And that would have been a desirable result, since one who can be turned from any undertaking *ought to be.*

I still think the world has lost a wonderful artist by your not entering the lists of designers and dressmakers. But since my recital of the faults which would prevent your success as a teacher led you to overcome them, I am proud and glad, that you have gone on in the work you contemplated. Good teachers are more needed than good dressmakers.

And you are sweet and charming as usual, to tell me that your popularity with children and parents, is greatly due to that letter of mine.

What you write me of the young girl who is making you so much trouble by her jealousy of all other pupils, interests and saddens me. Her devotion to you is of that morbid type, so unwholesome and so dangerous to her peace, and the peace of all her associates. It is a misfortune that mothers do not take such traits in early babyhood, and eradicate them by patient, practical methods. Instead, this mother, like many others, seems to think her little girl should be favoured and flattered because of her morbid tendency.

She mistakes selfishness, envy, greediness, and hysteria for a loving nature.

I can imagine your feelings when this mother told you with a proud smile, "Allie always wants the whole attention of any one she loves, and cannot stand sharing her friends. She was always that way at home. We never could pet her little brother without her going into a

spasm. And you must be careful about showing the other children attention before her. It just breaks her heart — she is so sensitive."

Oh, mothers, mothers, what are you thinking about, to be so blind to the work put in your hands to do?

You have little time comparatively to work upon this perverted young mind: but under no conditions favour her, and, no matter what scenes she makes, continue to give praise and affection to the other children when it is their due. The prominence of her parents in the neighbourhood, and the power her father wields in the school board, need not worry you. Go ahead and do what is best for the child and for the school at large. Never deviate one inch from your convictions. Take Allie some day to a garden where there are many flowers, and talk to her about them. Speak of all their different charms, and gather a bouquet. Then say to her, "Now, Allie, you and I love each of these pretty flowers, and see how sweetly they nestle together in your hand. Not one is jeal-

ous of the other. Each has its place, and would be missed were it not there. The bouquet needs them all. Just so I need all the dear children in my school, and just so I would miss any one. It makes me ashamed to think any little girl is more selfish and unreasonable than a plant, for little girls are a higher order of creation, and we expect more of them than we expect of plants or of animals. All are parts of God, but the human kingdom is the highest expression of the Creator.

"When you show such jealousy of other children I lose respect for you, and cannot love you as much as I love them. When you are gentle and good, and take your share of my love and attention, and let others have their share, then I am proud of you and fond of you. Suppose one plant said to the sunlight that it must have all the sun, would not that be ridiculous and selfish?"

I would make frequent references to this idea when alone with her, and indeed it would serve as an excellent subject for a talk to all your

pupils some day. Then try and make Allie understand how unbecoming and unlovable jealousy is, and how it renders a man or woman an object of pity and ridicule to others.

Praise the people you know who are liberal and broad, and absolutely ignore her moods when in school.

Perhaps in time you can do a little toward awakening her mind to a more wholesome outlook.

What you tell me of her hysterical devotion to one of her classmates, makes me realize that the girl needs careful guidance.

You should talk to her mother, and warn her against encouraging such conditions of mind in her child.

Urge her to keep the girl occupied, and to give her much out-door life, and to teach her that pronounced demonstrations of affection are not good form between young girls. The mother should be careful what books she reads, and should see that she makes no long visits to other homes and receives no guests for a con-

tinued time. The child needs to cultivate universal love, not individual devotion.

Ideals, principles, ambitions, should be given the girl, not close companions, for her nature is like a rank, weedy flower that needs refining and cultivating into a perfected blossom.

All this needs a mother's constant care and tact and watchfulness. It is work she should have begun when her little girl first indicated her unfortunate tendencies.

It is late for you to undertake a reconstruction of the misshapen character, but you may be able to begin an improvement, and if you can obtain the mother's coöperation the full formation may be accomplished.

And do not fail to use mental suggestion constantly, and to help the child by your assertions to be what you want her to become. Dwell in conversation with her and in her presence, upon the lovableness and charm of generosity of spirit in general, rather than on the selfishness you observe in herself.

At her least indication of an improvement,

give her warm praise. Be careful about bestowing caresses upon her, as she needs to be guarded against hysteria, I should judge from your description. To some children they are the sunlight, to others miasma.

Think of yourself as God's agent, given charge of his unfinished work, and recognize the unseen influences ready to aid you with suggestion and courage when you appeal to them.

# To a Young Friend

*Who Has Become Interested in the Metaphysical Thoughts of the Day*

Your letter bubbled with enthusiasm, and steamed with optimism. I am rejoiced that you have come into so healthful a line of thought, for I know of no one who was in more immediate need of it than you, when we last met.

As your hostess, I could not tell you how wearing to the nerves your continual reverting to your physical ills became: and I hope I did not seem wholly unsympathetic to you when I so frequently made the effort to change the conversation to more cheerful topics.

And now you tell me that you are astounded to find how universal is this topic with all classes, and on all occasions when one or two

human beings gather together even in "His name." Your recital of the church sewing-bee, where all the good Christian women described their diseases and the different operations they and their friends had undergone, is as amusing as it is distressingly realistic.

What a pity that the old theology fostered the idea that God especially loved the people he afflicted with illness and poverty and trouble! It has filled the world with egotistical and selfish invalids and idlers, who have believed they were "God's chosen ones," instead of realizing that they were the natural results of broken laws, which might be mended by the aid of the God-power in themselves, once they understood it.

How Christians have reconciled the idea of a God of love with a God who wanted his chosen ones to be sick and poor, is a problem I cannot solve.

Of course you are well, and growing stronger daily, now that you realize the fact that God made only health, wealth, and love, and that

he intended all his children to share his opulence.

As soon as the mind is filled with a dominating idea, no lesser ones can find lodgment therein.

A woman of my acquaintance suffered agonies from seasickness.

She crossed the ocean twice each year, yet seemed unable to accustom herself to the experience.

On her last voyage her child fell dangerously sick with typhoid fever on the second day out at sea.

So wrought up was the mother, and so filled with the thought of her child, that she never felt one moment's seasickness. Her mind was otherwise occupied.

Now you have filled your mind with a consciousness of your divine right to health and happiness, and the thought of sickness and disease has no room.

Yet do not be discouraged if you feel the old ailments and indispositions returning at times.

## To a Young Friend

A complete change in mental habits, is difficult to obtain in a moment.

Be satisfied to grow slowly. A wise philosopher has said, "It is not in never falling that we show our strength, but in our ability to rise after repeated falls, and to continue our journey in triumph."

Avoid talking your belief to every individual you meet. It will be breaking your string of pearls for the feet of swine to tread upon. Those who are ready for these truths will indicate the fact to you, and then will be your time for speech. And when you do speak, say little, and say it briefly and to the point.

Leave some things for other minds to study out alone. The people who are not ready for higher ideals of religion and life, will only ridicule or combat your theories and beliefs, if you force them to listen.

Wait until you have fully illustrated by your own conduct of life, that you have something beside vague theories to prove your statements of the power of the mind to conquer circum-

stance. The world is full to-day of bedraggled and haggard men and women, who are talking loudly of the power of mind to restore youth and health, and bestow riches and success.

Do not add yourself to the unlovely and tiresome army of talkers, until you prove yourself a doer.

And even after you have shown a record of health and prosperity and usefulness, let your silent influence speak louder than your uttered words.

The moment a philosopher becomes a bore, he ceases to be a philosopher.

# To Wilfred Clayborn

*Concerning His Education and His Profession*

My dear Nephew : — I have considered your request from all sides, and have resolved to disappoint you. This seems to me the kindest thing I can do under the circumstances.

You have gone through two years of college life, and I am sure you are not an ignoramus. Most of the great men of the world's history have enjoyed no fuller educational advantages. To lend you money to finish the college course, would be to help you to start life at the age of twenty-two under the burden of debt. If you are determined to finish a college course, and feel that only by so doing will you equip yourself for the duties of life, I would advise you to drop out for a year and teach, or go into

any kind of work which will enable you to earn enough to proceed with your studies. However hard and however disappointing this advice seems to you, I know it suggests a course which will do more for your character than all the money I could lend you.

Aside from the fact that you would begin life with a debt, is the possibility of your contracting the debt habit.

One man in a thousand who borrows money to help himself along in early life is benefited by it.

The other 999 are harmed.

To do anything on another's money is to lean on the shoulder of another instead of walking upright. It is not good calisthenic exercise.

A few years ago I would have acceded to your request.

But each year I live I realize more and more that lending money is the last method to be used in helping people to better themselves. In almost every case where I have lent money, I have lived to regret it. Not because I lost my

money (which has usually been the fact), but because I lost respect for my friends.

I remember the case of a young newspaper man and author, who came to me for the loan of five dollars. I had never seen him before, but I knew his brother, a brilliant playwright, in a social way.

The young man told me he had met with a series of disasters on the voyage to New York, and was stranded there absolutely penniless, although money would come at almost any hour from his brother.

Besides this, he showed me letters from editors who had taken work which would be paid for on publication.

"I do not know any one here," the young man said, "and to-day, when I used my last twenty-five cents, I thought of you in desperation.

"Your acquaintance with my brother would serve as an introduction, I felt, and I was confident you would realize my straits when I told you my errand."

Of course I lent the young man five dollars. "I am sure it must be a great humiliation for you to ask for this," I said, "and I am certain you will repay it, though many former experiences have made me question the memory of friends and strangers to whom I have been of similar assistance."

One week later the young man called to tell me he had not been able to do more than keep himself sustained at lunch-counters since he called, but hoped soon to obtain a position on a daily newspaper.

That was ten years ago. The young man sat in an orchestra chair the other night at the theatre directly in front of me, and his attire was faultlessly up to date. From the costume of his companion, I should judge their carriage waited outside.

The young man did not seem to recognize me, and no doubt the incident I mention has escaped his memory.

In all probability I was but one of a score of people who helped him with small loans. Had

the young man been forced to appeal to the society organized in every city for aiding the deserving poor, by being sent disappointed from my door, the ordeal would have so hurt his pride, that he might not have become the professional borrower he undoubtedly is.

I could relate innumerable cases of a similar nature. One man, who was a fashionable teacher of French among the millionaires of New York for several seasons, appealed to me at a time of year when all his patrons were out of the city for a loan to enable him to give his wife medical treatment.

He was to repay it in the autumn. Instead, he came to me then with a much more distressing story of immediate need and seeming proof of money coming to him in a few months. To my chagrin, the loan I advanced was employed in giving a feast to friends at his daughter's wedding, after which he obliterated himself from my vision.

Financial aid lent a woman who soon afterward circled Europe, brought no reimbursement.

Her handsomely engraved card, with the "Russell Square Hotel, London," as address, reached me instead of the interest money which perhaps paid the engraver.

Money lent a young man to start a small business, was used for his wedding expenses, and an interval of five years brings no word from him. Poor and despicable beings indeed, become the victims of the borrowing habit. It is the shattered faith in humanity, and the heart hurts that I regret, rather than the loss of what can be replaced. I tell you these incidents that you may realize how I have come to regard money-lending, as a species of unkindness to a friend or relative.

It is only one step removed from giving a sick or overtaxed man or woman a morphine powder.

Sleep and rest ensue, but ten to one the habit is formed for life.

The happy experiences of my life in money-lending, have been two instances where I offered loans which were not asked, and which proved to be bridges over the chasm of temporary mis-

fortune, to the success awaiting a worthy woman and man. The really deserving rarely ask for loans.

I can imagine with what pleasure you would take a cheque from this letter, for the amount which would carry you through college.

Yet when you had finished your course, you would find so many things you wanted to do, and must do, the debt would become too heavy to lift, save by borrowing from some one else.

If not that, then you would impose upon the fact of our relationship, and on your belief that I had plenty of means without the amount you owed me: and so you would join the great army of good-for-nothings in the world.

There is one thing you must always remember:

No matter how close the blood tie between two beings, even twins, each soul comes into the world alone, and with a separate life destiny to work out.

If I have worked out my destiny to financial

independence, that does not entitle you to a share of it. If it seems best for me to aid you, it is not because a blood tie makes it a duty. I grow to believe there is a sort of curse on money which is not earned, even when it is bestowed by father, on son or daughter.

It cripples individual development. Only when money is earned is it blest.

Regarding your future profession, I cannot agree with your idea that because you feel no particular love for any one calling, and have a halfway tendency toward several, that you will never be a success. Great geniuses are often consumed with a passion for some one line of study or employment, but there have been many great men who did not know what they were fitted to do until accident or necessity gave them an opportunity.

Success means simply concentration and perseverance.

Whether you decide to be a mechanic, a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant, the one thing to do is to fix all your mental powers upon the

goal you select, and then call all the forces from within and from without, to aid you to reach it.

It would, of course, be folly for you to select a profession which requires special talent. No matter how you might concentrate and apply yourself, you could never be a great poet, a great artist, or a great musician.

You have not the creative genius.

But law, medicine, mechanics, or mercantile matters, with your good brain and fair education, you could conquer.

You say you vacillate from one to another, like the wind which goes to the four points of the compass in twenty-four hours.

But you are very young, and this should not discourage you.

It would be well to think the four vocations over quietly, when alone, and sit down by yourself early in the morning asking for guidance. Then, when you feel you have made a decision, let nothing turn you from it.

Direct all your studies and thoughts to further that decision.

Think of yourself as achieving the very highest success in your chosen field, and work for that end.

You cannot fail.

If you desire light from without upon the best path to pursue, I would advise you to find a good phrenologist, and have a careful reading made of your head. Its formation and the development of its organs would indicate in what direction lay your greatest strength, and where you needed to be especially watchful.

But remember if your phrenologist tells you that you have a weak will, it does not mean that you must necessarily *always* have a weak will. It means that you are to strengthen it, by concentration. There is a great truth underlying phrenology, palmistry, and astrology; but it is ridiculous to accept their verdicts as final and unchangeable, and it is unwise to ignore the good they may do, rightly applied and understood.

I recall the fact that you were born in early

June. I know enough about the influence of the planets upon a child born at that period to assert that you are particularly inclined to a Gemini nature — the twin nature, which wants to do two things at one time. You want to stay in and go out, to read a book and play tennis, to swim and sit on the sand. Later in life, you will want to remain single and marry, and travel and remain at home, unless you begin *now* to select one course of the two which are for ever presenting themselves to you, in small and large matters.

Whenever you feel yourself vacillating between two impulses, take yourself at once in hand, decide upon the preferable course, and go ahead. Dominate your astrological tendencies, do not be dominated by them. Dominate your weaknesses as exhibited by your phrenological chart, and build up the brain cells which need strengthening, and lessen the power of the undesirable qualities by giving them no food or indulgence.

It is a great thing to understand yourself as

you are, and then to go ahead and make yourself what you desire to be.

When a carpenter starts to build a house, he knows just what tools and what materials to work with are his. If there is a broken implement, he replaces it with another, and if he is short of material he supplies it. But young men set forth to make futures and fortunes, with no knowledge of their own equipment.

They do not know their own strongest or weakest traits, and are unprepared for the temptations and obstacles that await them.

I would advise you to call in the aid of all the occult sciences, to help you in forming an estimate of your own higher and lower tendencies, and in deciding for what line of occupation you were best fitted. Then, after you have compared the statistics so gathered with your own idea of yourself, you should proceed to make your character what you wish it to be.

This work will be ten thousand times more profitable to you than a mere routine of college studies, gained by running in debt.

## To Wilfred Clayborn

To know yourself is far better knowledge than to know Virgil. And to make yourself is a million times better than to have any one else make you.

# To Miss Elsie Dean

*Regarding the Habit of Exaggeration*

During your visit here with my niece, I became much interested in you.

Zoe had often written me of her affection for you, and I can readily understand her feeling, now that I have your personal acquaintance.

You have no mother, and your father, you say, absorbed in business, like so many American fathers, seems almost a stranger. Even the most devoted fathers, rarely understand their daughters.

Now, I want to take the part of a mother and write you to-day, as I would write my own daughter, had one been bestowed upon me with the many other blessings which are mine.

I could not ask for a fairer, more amiable, or

brighter daughter than you, nor one possessed of a kinder or more unselfish nature.

You are lovable, entertaining, industrious, and refined.

But you possess one fault which needs eradicating, or at least a propensity which needs directing.

*It is the habit of exaggeration in conversation.*

I noticed that small happenings, amusing or exciting, became events of colossal importance when related by you.

I noticed that brief remarks were amplified and grew into something like orations when you repeated them.

I confess that you made small incidents more interesting, and insignificant words acquired poetic meaning under your tongue.

And I confess also that you never once wronged or injured any one by your exaggerations — save yourself.

Zoe often said to me, "Isn't it wonderful how Elsie's imagination lends a halo to the common-

est event," and all your friends know that you have this habit of hyperbole in conversation.

Now, in your early girlhood, it is lightly regarded as "Elsie's way." Later, in your maturity, I fear it will be called a harsher name.

When you come to the time of life that larger subjects than girlish pranks and badinage engage your mind, it will be necessary for you to be more exact in your descriptions of occurrences and conversations. Besides this, there is the heritage of your unborn children to consider. I once knew a little girl who possessed the same vivid imagination, and allowed it to continue unchecked through life. She married, and her son, to-day, is utterly devoid of fine moral senses. He is a mental monstrosity — incapable of telling the truth. His falsehoods are many and varied, and his name is a synonym of untruth. He relates, as truth, the most marvellous exploits in which he really never took part, and describes scenes and places

he has never visited, save through the pages of some novel.

His lack of moral sense has blighted his mother's life, and she is wholly unconscious that he is only an exaggerated edition of herself.

I think, as a rule, such imaginations as you possess belong to the literary mind. I would advise you to turn your attention to story-writing, and in that occupation you will find vent for your romantic tendencies.

Meanwhile watch yourself and control your speech.

Learn to be exact.

Tell the truth in small matters, and do not allow yourself to indulge in seemingly harmless white lies of exaggeration.

There are times when we should refrain from speaking all the truth, but we should refrain by silence or an adroit change of subject. We should not feel called upon to relate all the unpleasant truths we know of people.

When asked what we know of some acquaintance, we are justified in telling the worthy and

commendable traits, and saying nothing of the faults.

Therefore, while to suppress a portion of the truth is at times wise and kind, to distort it, or misstate facts, is never needed and never excusable.

When you and Zoe came from your drive one day you were full of excitement over an adventure with a Greek road merchant.

As you told the story, the handsome peddler had accosted you at the exit of the post-office and asked you to look at his wares.

When you declined he became familiar, paid a compliment to Zoe's beauty, and assured her that a certain lace shawl in his possession would be irresistible draped about her face.

Then he had pursued the carriage on his wheel and continued to "make eyes" and pay compliments to the very gate of my home, where he abandoned the chase.

The facts were, according to further investigation, that the man paid a simple trade compliment in reference to the shawl and its

becomingness to a pretty face, mounted his wheel and rode away, as it happened, in the same direction you and Zoe were taking.

Again, you related a bit of repartee between Zoe and a caller, which I had chanced to overhear, and out of two short sentences you made a small brochure, most amusing, but most untrue.

It was complimentary to both Zoe and her caller, yet it was not the conversation which took place, and therefore was not truthful.

These are trifling incidents, yet they are the straws, telling that the wind blows from the marsh-lands of inexactness — not from the mountain tops of truth.

Once a woman loses a sense of the great value of absolute truthfulness, she has blurred the clear mirror of her soul.

Put yourself upon a diet of *facts*, my sweet young friend, and cure this propensity, harmless enough now, but dangerous for your future.

Watch your tongue that it does not say *five or six* when it should say *two*, or *yards* when it should say *inches*.

Even in the smallest matters, practise the habit of being exact.

You will thank me for this advice sometime, even if it seems unreasonable to you to-day, and remember, I would not take the liberty or the trouble to so advise you, did I not love you and feel anxious for your welfare.

# To Sybyl Marchmont

*Who Has Learned Her Origin*

Your despairing letter lies before me. I wish you were here, my dear child, that I might talk from my heart, instead of writing from it. I am sorry that the secret, so long hidden, has been revealed to you, and in such a despicable manner.

An anonymous letter always carries with it the venom of a serpent. I have long known your history, though the world generally believed you to be the actual daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, who adopted you when you were scarcely one week old.

No daughter ever received more affection or better care than these good people gave you. Mrs. Marchmont lived always with a fear in

her heart that you might learn your history from some idle or malicious lip, and before she died begged me to be your comforting friend, if that hour ever came, which has now arrived.

As your mother's nearest friend, it is natural you should turn to me in your crucial hour of pain. And in reply to your questions regarding the truth of this anonymous assertion, I will tell you all I know.

Your own mother was well born, and a girl of great beauty and charm. She was of foreign blood, and her parents, after the foreign custom, selected for her, at the age of seventeen, a man of mature years and unattractive personality, but some fortune. The family lived in a seaport town, and your mother attracted the eye of a young seafaring man, holding a government position. An intense and uncontrollable love sprang up between them. Your mother had been kept in ignorance of God's great law of sex attraction, its purpose and its results, and she was like a new-born

babe towed on the sea of her own suddenly awakened emotion.

It was arranged that your mother was to elope with her lover on his next arrival in port. All plans were to be made by him during the voyage on which he went forth, after a stolen interview with your mother. He was lost at sea, and all on board the ship perished with him. Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont chanced to be sojourning in the place at the time of your birth. Mr. Marchmont had longed for a child, and the tragic story came to his ears through the physician of your mother's family, and he and his wife decided to adopt you and take you to America.

I was the one friend who shared with Mrs. Marchmont the story of your birth. Other friends knew she had adopted a child, and of course all sorts of rumours were afloat for a time. Mr. Marchmont's nephew was particularly unfriendly, I remember, as he had believed himself heir to his uncle's estate until your adoption.

Some three years ago I chanced to be in the seaport town where you were born, and I made quiet inquiries about your mother. I learned that she had recently died, leaving a husband and three children. I hunted up the children, and found them to be most uninteresting and ordinary. The oldest daughter I met and studied. She was plain and commonplace in appearance, and the other children were dull and unattractive.

The husband was the elderly man selected by your grandparents. Just how he had been led to accept the second place in your mother's life, and whether he had known of the tragedy, I could not learn without asking more questions than I deemed wise.

But what I want to impress upon your mind by this recital is, *your own divine inheritance of love*, the inheritance which has bestowed upon you physical beauty, mental power, and rare qualities of heart and soul. I know few women so endowed by the Creator as you. I know of few young girls — in fact, not one — I would

so gladly and proudly claim as a daughter, or wish a daughter to be like, as your lovely self.

When I read your letter, with its wild expressions of self-abasement and despair and regret that you were in the world, where, you seemed to believe, you had no right to be, I could not help picturing to myself the dull face and disagreeable personality of your half-sister, the child whom you no doubt believe has a greater right than yourself on earth. Now whatever society has decided is legal and right for human beings, you must not forget that God also has made rules, and that those rules must first be obeyed, before the rules of man can be regarded as perfect.

God's first law, regarding the propagation of the human species, is that the *mother must be dominated by a supreme and ruling emotion to give to the world the highest type of a child.*

Your mother loved your father with all her heart and soul. She was a young girl, ignorant of the world. She thought of her lover as her rightful mate, and lived but for the hour when

he should rescue her from the unhappy fate arranged by unwise and sordid-minded parents.

Your father loved her, and they were in God's sight more truly husband and wife than the soulless and loveless ceremony of the law made her and her legal husband afterward.

It is a great misfortune that your parents lacked the self-control which is necessary to every well-balanced human being who seeks for the fullest development. It is a sad thing that over your life this shadow of unlegalized birth must rest.

But were I given the choice to-day to be what you are, or what your sister is, and what thousands of children born of loveless marriages are, I would not for one second hesitate in my choice.

The world needs marriage laws to keep any order in society.

The wisely reared and well-balanced woman will keep herself in womanly reserve for her legal husband.

Your mother, by a moment's weakness and

loss of self-control, left a blight upon her life for ever, and a shadow upon yours.

But do not for one instant think of yourself as anything but *a child of God*, endowed with all the wealth of the spiritual kingdom, whatever the law may withhold from you here.

You are legitimized by love, your sister is legitimate by law. She is illegitimate in the sight of heaven, you in sight of earth.

Be glad of your beautiful nature and beautiful qualities, and do not spoil them by despondency or pessimism.

Think of yourself as if you were a child of Adam and Eve, born before the serpent appeared, when there was no law but the law of love to govern two souls, drawn together by irresistible attraction.

The best and highest qualities of two human beings meet and mingle in your nature. Do you suppose the great Creator of all things regards you as base born, when he has so endowed you with all that makes woman lovable and charming.

Live up to your divine inheritance, my dear girl. Make the world better for your presence in it, and bear your sorrow with that resignation and philosophy which all human beings must cultivate if they do not wish to become weak repiners when they face the sorrows of life.

Look the world squarely in the eyes, and feel no shame.

Your mother's marriage to the man she detested, and the birth of children conceived in loathing, were acts which in my mind called for more shame on her part than your own birth. Both were misfortunes for her, since only by living an orderly, controlled, and lawful life can any human being find happiness or self-respect in the world.

But when we come to the close analysis of motives and impulses, many an act the world condemns is far less reprehensible than other acts which meet its loud acclaim.

You have received from the vast spiritual realms about us your rarely beautiful qualities. Go forth and give them to humanity.

## To Sybyl Marchmont

Be strong, be good, be brave, be happy.

No one and nothing can harm you but your own mind.

The world, as we encounter it, is but an echo of our own strong convictions. Respect yourself absolutely, believe in yourself absolutely, and the world will respect you and believe in you.

Say to yourself every hour, "I am God's divine creature," and no one will dare look you in the eyes and say you are anything less than that.

The arms of infinite love enfold you — have no fear.

# To Miss Diana Rivers

*A Young Lady Contemplating a Career as a Journalist*

Your interesting letter regarding your future plans has been food for my thoughts ever since its receipt this morning.

I remember when you were my guest a year ago that you told me you felt like a big bird in a small cage. Every time you tried to spread your wings you were bruised by bars. Your home environment with its few duties and small responsibilities, your church and your charities, failed to give you full opportunity for the exercise of all your vital forces.

I knew then that you were longing for a career, and I felt confident that some word would come from you before long, announcing a change in your life.

I was prepared to hear one of two things —

that you were soon to be married, or that you had decided to enter the dramatic profession. When a young and attractive woman grows restless and eager for change, she is, unconsciously to herself, sending out a challenge to Fate to create new conditions in her life. Despite the fact that no male member in the "Fate" family has ever attained prominence in the eyes of the world, and that the three sisters have claimed so much power over the destinies of the human family, a little investigation will prove that they never make any pronounced move without calling in the aid of Cupid.

Cupid is their prime minister, and we all know that prime ministers are the power behind the throne of rulers.

When you sent out your eager thoughts for "something to happen," to change the monotony of your existence, I knew the Fate sisters were quite likely telegraphing Cupid that his assistance was needed to quiet a small riot in the human family.

Once they set Cupid busy with a human heart, the Fates need give it no further attention. When Cupid reports that his work with the heart is finished, then the Angel of Resignation or the Angel of Death must finish the task.

Knowing you to be particularly fond of the theatre as a distraction, I had thought you might essay the rôle of society actress, confounding appreciation for talent, as so many women do; and when your letter opened with the announcement that you were about to give me a great surprise, I was prepared to hear that you were billed to appear in a walking rôle, with a road company, next season, with promises of greater things "soon afterward."

But I confess to absolute surprise, as I read on, and learned that your career was to lead you, not through Lovers' Lane, not before the footlights, but along the hurly-burly byways and highways of American newspaper work, beginning with interviews and reporting. Allow me to quote from your letter before me.

"I do not imagine I have talent save the talent for work. I am, as you know, well educated, as that expression goes to-day. I have always found expression with the pen an easy mode of communicating my impressions and ideas.

"I am observing, and I have a keen sense of humour, and I have (so people tell me) an agreeable personality. I know the value of correct dressing, and I am not oversensitive. That is, I am not one who will go down at the first rebuff. I have the real American spirit, which makes me believe myself as good as anybody, and you know my family name is one to buoy up that impression. Therefore, it seems to me I cannot fail to attain some degree of success. I am sure to obtain entrée to people and functions, and I can describe what I see and hear in attractive form. I shall shrink at no task, however difficult, and stop at no obstacle.

"I am determined to make a success as a reporter and a correspondent, and after I have achieved something in that line I may look to

an editorial position; and who knows but my fertile imagination, coupled with the experiences sure to come to me, may develop the great American novelist the world is waiting?"

This is all interesting and admirable reasoning.

But, having seen much of the world, and known much of the various types of young women writers and reporters and correspondents, I feel like discussing the subject of your profession with you. At the instigation, perhaps, of some editor who makes the mistake of thinking success must be reached through sensationalism, you may be tempted to make your pen, not *mightier*, but more *cruel* than the sword.

I remember once upon a time meeting a young woman who had come, unbidden by the hostess, to "write up" a social function where a number of celebrated people were congregated.

Her employer had sent her to the house, telling her to obtain an entrée by fair means or foul; and as she was well dressed and quiet in manner, she was not repulsed by an amiable

hostess. This lady realized that the reporter has his or her living to make, and must be either helped or hindered by the willingness or unwillingness of people to furnish material for copy. Being informed that the young woman was "literary," and chancing to stand near her for a few moments, I asked her the nature of her work.

The young woman looked a trifle embarrassed, as she answered: "Well, to tell you the truth, I write a good many disagreeable and nasty things about people, especially people in public life. The editors who take my work will have that kind. I have essayed better things, and they would not touch them. So I am compelled to write the stuff they do want. I must make a living." When I read the "stuff" in question, I was inclined to doubt the assertion of the writer that "she must make a living." The world would be the better should she and all her kind cease to exist. Ridicule, falsehood, and insinuation were the leading traits of the young woman's literary style. Costumes and person-

alities were caricatured, and conversations and actions misstated. The entire article would have been libelous, had it not been too cowardly to deserve so bold a word.

It is useless for any man or woman to assert that such reportorial work is done from necessity. The blackmailer and the pickpocket have as much right to the plea, as the newspaper masked-assassin, with the concealed weapon of a pen.

If you are ever asked by any editor to do this reportorial stiletto work, let me urge you to take to professional burglary, rather than consent to write what such an employer demands.

It is far less despicable to rob houses of things of mercantile value, than to rob characters and reputations and personalities. Again, when you are sent out upon a commission to obtain an interview with any person, obtain what you seek and take nothing else away with you.

Just as you would scorn to pawn the watch of the famous actress which you may find lying on the table as you pass out, so scorn to sell any

personal speech she may have carelessly dropped in your hearing which you know was not intended for publication. Petty larceny is not a noble feature of interviewing. Even though a facility for selling such dishonestly gained property to advantage be yours, do not convince yourself or be convinced that larceny should be included in your reportorial duties.

I recollect speaking with you once upon the difficulties young women encountered who attempted to win honours in a dramatic career. You felt that the necessity to cater to the ideas and wishes of inferior minds, in representing a character on the stage, would be one of the hardest phases of stage life to meet.

"To be loud and spectacular where I wanted to be refined and subtle," you said, "just to catch some rough audience and fill the house, would be insupportable. And yet I know actresses ofttimes must do that very thing, to keep a foothold in the profession."

I am wondering how you will meet what seems to me a more humiliating rôle, when you

are sent out by an editor to gain an entrée to some person who does not wish to be interviewed.

Will you, when refused entrance at the front door, go in at the rear and hobnob with the servants? will you spy, and watch and wait on street corners, and hide yourself in hallways, and intercept and surprise, and congratulate yourself when you have trapped your prey? That is the shameful pathway which nowadays leads to what is called "successful newspaper work."

You need to realize the facts before you enter the profession. Were you my daughter, I am certain I should feel much less concern were you to enter the theatrical field.

And yet if you choose to stand by your ideals, and retain your self-respect, you can do so, and succeed in journalism.

If you have, as you say, observation, expression, humour, and ambition, you can create a style of your own: which will not necessitate the loss of all womanly sense of decency and pride in dealing with your fellow beings. It might be

well for you to cultivate and add to the list of your qualities appreciation of all that is best in human nature and worthiest of respect. If you understand the law of concentration and demand, you can obtain an entrance to the people you wish to see, through the front hall and a properly engraved card.

If that fails, a polite and frank note, stating your purpose and intimating your self-respecting ideas of your profession, may prove effective. Once establish your reputation as an interviewer who is not a highwayman in disguise, and you will achieve tenfold the success your less reputable confrères gain in the long run. Try and remember always that fame, glory, or even crime, do not destroy all human sensibilities, or render the possessor invulnerable to the thrust of a pen.

The greatest warrior who ever conquered armies has still the power to feel hurt when he sees some personal blemish or misfortune described in print.

You would never be guilty of saying to any

man's face, "How hideous your harelip renders you" — and why should you go from his presence and make such a statement to the whole world concerning him? One of the most gifted men America ever claimed was driven from his native land by the cruel, bald, and heartless personalities of newspaper critics, who seemed to consider it necessary to comment on his physical infirmities whenever his genius was mentioned.

During the lifetime of one of England's great literary women, an American correspondent who had been given an interview in her home described her as possessing the "face of a horse." Surely this was agreeable reading for a gifted woman whose genius had delighted thousands!

It has sometimes seemed to me that theatrical road life with a one-night-stand company would be less brutalizing to the finer sensibilities, and less lowering to the ideals of a young girl, than the method of work required of many newspaper reporters in America to-day. The editor who scores the actress for lax morals

seems often to ignore the fact that there is a mental as well as a physical prostitution.

Look to it that you do not trail your banner of noble womanhood in the dust, at the demand of any editor or syndicate. Keep your purity of pen, as well as your chastity of body, and believe no man who tells you that you will get on better in the world by selling either. There is room higher up.

# To Nanette

*A Former Maid*

Curiously enough, my dear little Nanette, I was thinking about you, and wishing to know something of you, the very day your letter came.

Of many who have been helpers in my employ, you were one of the few who seemed to care more for me than for the wages I paid.

There was between us that ideal condition which I wish might exist between all employers and employees. You wanted the work you were fitted to do, and I wanted such work done. You were glad of the money it brought you, and I was glad to recompense you. You wanted appreciation and sympathy and consideration aside from your earnings, and I wanted a personal interest in my affairs, and a friendly wish

to please me, aside from the mere work well done. You never seemed to me less womanly or less refined because you were a wage-earner, and I did not represent to you oppression or monopoly merely because I paid the money and you received it. I took you into my confidence in many ways, and you made me feel I was your friend as well as your employer. We enjoyed cosy chats, and yet you no more desired or wished to be present at my social functions than you desired me to enter into all your merrymakings and pleasures. You were, in fact, one of the most agreeable and sensible women I have ever known in any station in life. And now you write me that you are engaged to be married, and ask me to give you counsel in a very serious matter.

Together with your other excellent qualities, you have possessed economy and prudence.

At the age of twenty-five you have a tidy bank-account, the savings of eleven years. This money is increasing, year by year, and drawing a small interest.

Now comes your lover, a hard-working and sober young man, so you say, but earning only a small salary as a clerk.

He has met with some reverses, and is temporarily embarrassed. He wants you to lend him a few hundred dollars, and he will pay you the same interest you are now receiving, but you fear it would be unwomanly on your part to take this interest money. At the same time you feel a reluctance to break in upon your savings, which you had planned to use in helping establish a home. You want to befriend your lover, and you want to be wise and careful, and so you write to me, your old-time adviser, for counsel. I fear I may hurt your feelings in what I am about to say.

I have seen much of the world, and have studied humanity in many phases and in many classes.

There is one type of man I have never yet known to be strong, reliable, and trustworthy, — a man for a woman to lean upon in times of trouble and sorrow, — a man I would like to

see any friend take for a life companion, — *and that is the young man who asks a loan of money from a woman he loves, or one who loves him.* Believe me, there is some lack of real moral fibre in such a man.

A husband and wife many years married, and united by common interests, may become so one in purpose and thought that a common purse would be as natural to them as a common dinner-table.

With mutual interests, planning for their future and the future of their children, there could be no talk of "My money" and "Your money" between them.

But before marriage, or immediately after, the man who begins to ask a woman for the use of her purse, should be distrusted by her. He could not broach such a subject unless he lacked a certain refined strength which makes a manly man a woman's protector by nature. Even where no sentiment exists between a man and a woman, the really strong men of the world never become borrowers from women. If

through friendly interest and affection some woman compelled such a man to take a loan, he would know no rest or peace of mind until he had liquidated the debt.

When a man is a woman's lover, and asks her to advance money to him for any reason, she may as well realize at once the reed on which she will lean if she accepts him for a life companion. To deceive herself for a moment with the idea that he will be a staff of strength, is but to delay disillusion. A vital quality is left out of his character.

He is but one step removed from the man who *seeks* a woman because she has money. And he is the most despicable of the human race.

I have known three women of different social positions to lend money to their lovers.

One man invested it and lost it, and never made an effort to reimburse the lady, who broke her engagement in consequence, after two unhappy years. Another went away owing the money, and was never again heard from. The

third married the unwise woman who had loaned him her competence, and continued to look to her for support.

Therefore, my dear Nanette, I would urge you to think twice, and yet a third time, before you lend your fiancé your savings.

Tell him frankly that you will feel more respect for him if he is willing to sacrifice comfort and save from his own income enough to lift the debt he has incurred, and that you are sure he will feel less humiliated as time goes by if he is not financially in debt to you. If he were to fall ill tell him it would be your first impulse to devote your money to his care; but while he is able-bodied and well, you do not like to have him lean on you for aid.

You can judge something of the man's character by the way he receives this statement from you.

And whatever may result, even if it is the end of your engagement, do not grieve your heart away over it. Better far to have the end come now than to marry a dependent and shift-

less man, who will humiliate your pride by a thousand and one mean traits. The moment a young wife becomes the financial head of a household, and the man depends upon her to keep the family free from debt, sentiment and romance fly from the windows of the heart, and poor Cupid goes away with his head under his wing. This situation might befall people long married, as I said before, without causing disaster, because the wife would have years of other experiences stored up in memory, to maintain her respect for her husband.

The natural instinct of a manly man is to be the protector and the breadwinner. He loves to shield and support the woman of his choice. If she has any talent or profession which gives her satisfaction to pursue, and which yields her an income, he will, if broad-minded and sympathetic, place no obstacle in her path so long as this vocation is no barrier to their domestic happiness. But he is sensitive to her assuming any of the financial burdens of life.

If circumstances render it necessary for her

to do so, he suffers keenly, and the utmost delicacy and consideration on her part alone can save him from utter humiliation.

This is the attitude of the manly man, my dear Nanette, the man who makes the good husband and father.

The unselfish, broad-minded and considerate wife will lead a husband to think of her right to aid in the establishment and maintenance of a home when she is able to do her part. But the man who makes a good husband never suggests it as her duty, or asks her to advance money.

It is commendable in you to wish to aid in making a home. It is unmanly in your lover to ask you to help him pay his debts. Beware of the lover who asks for or accepts a loan.

# To the Rev. Wilton Marsh

*Regarding His Son and Daughter*

My dear Cousin Wilton: — You have no idea how your letter took me back to my merry girlhood, when you and I resided in the same neighbourhood, and I was the concern of your precociously serious mind. Yes, indeed, I do realize what a mistake you made in living the repressed life you did all those early boyhood years. What a pity your parents reared one of your sensitive and imaginative nature in the gloomy old doctrines of a depressing religion, which so misrepresented the God of love: and how odd that your father and mine should have been born of the same parents, educated in the same schools, and yet be no more alike in

beliefs or methods of life than two people of a different race and era.

And again it is not strange, when we realize that hundreds of generations lie back of both parents, and innumerable ancestors of both father and mother contribute their different mentalities to the children in a family. Back of that is the great philosophy of reincarnation — the truth of which impresses me more and more each year I live.

Do you recall your horror the first time I told you I had read a book on reincarnation, and confessed that it had made me anxious to study the theory?

You said I was a pagan and a heathen, and that I would surely be damned forever unless I turned to the way of salvation.

And do you recall your misery when I seized you one evening at your birthday party (you were twenty), and dragged you about the room in a waltz? That is, I waltzed, while you hobbled about like a lame calf, much to the amusement of most of the company.

There were more who sympathized with my views of life than with yours. You were such a wet blanket on our youthful spirits. Your ever-blazing lake of brimstone did not even serve to warm the blanket.

I have been gratified to watch your growth the last ten years.

You have so changed your point of view, which indicates your real worth and progressive good sense. And when you tell me that you have for years regretted your lost opportunities for natural and moral pleasure, and that you suffered beyond your power to describe in those old days in conquering your desire to dance and play games, it brings the tears of mingled rage and pity to my eyes. Rage at the old theology, and pity for the poor children whose lives were shadowed by it.

And now what you tell me of your son and daughter proves another of my theories true, and shows me how nature revenges its wrongs.

Children, my dear Wilton, especially the offspring of strong characters, *inherit the sup-*

*pressed tendencies of their parents.* They bring into action the unexhausted impulses and the ungratified desires of those parents.

The greatest singers are almost invariably the offspring of mothers or fathers who *were music hungry*, and who were given no complete gratification of this craving.

The poet, you will find, is the voice of an artistic-natured parent, who was forced to be emotionally dumb.

And the proverbial clergyman's son is merely the natural result of the same cause. He is charged with the tendencies and impulses which his father crucified.

That your son loathes study, and hates church-going, and adores a brass band and a circus, and runs away to the races, does not in the least surprise me. Nor that your sixteen-year-old daughter grows hysterical at the sound of dance music, and prefers a theatrical show in your village hall to a Sunday-school picnic, and is mad to become an actress.

*They are your own wronged and starved emo-*

*tions personified, and crying out to you for justice.*

The very best thing for you to do with the boy is to put him into a gymnasium and a football team as soon as possible. Offer no opposition when he wants to see a good horse-race. Urge him to go, and ask him to tell you all about it when he returns. Begin right now to get close to the heart of your children.

Once you do that, once you convince them you are near enough to their lives to understand their needs and to try and gratify their natural longings, all your worries will take wing and fly away; for your children will cease to hide and cloak their actions and natures, and they will no longer wish to deceive or attempt to defy you.

Send your daughter where she can learn dancing, in company with other refined and well-bred young people. You have so far emancipated yourself from your old superstitions and beliefs that this action on your part will not antagonize the desirable members of your congregation.

## To the Rev. Wilton Marsh

Only a remnant of the old bigots and intolerants are to be found in any congregation of intelligent people of to-day.

If that remnant is shaken out of its winding-sheet by being antagonized, you may galvanize it into life.

At all events, do not endanger the peace of your home and the happiness of your children, for fear of antagonizing a few parishioners of arrested spiritual development.

Give your son and daughter an outlet for the youthful vitality which is like steam: a moving power when used, dangerous and destructive when pent up.

Take young Wilton and Rebecca into a room, and talk the whole matter over.

Tell them how deeply you love them, and how you have just come to realize the mistake you have made in trying to eradicate from them the natural desire for wholesome pleasure instead of giving it proper avenues of expression.

Say frankly that you see your error, and that you intend to rectify it.

Ask their coöperation, and appeal to their good taste and affection not to mortify or humiliate you in your position of clergyman, by overstepping the bounds of decorum or discretion.

Lead them to talk of their ambitions and desires, and, as consistently as you can, gratify them.

Let your daughter come to me for a season. I will help to reshape and modify her ideals of enjoyment to some degree.

I am sure if she sees a few of our best spectacular plays, and hears good music, and enjoys beautiful rhythmic dancing, she will not be so carried away with the travelling show.

I will acquaint her with some of the commonplace facts concerning the lives of theatrical people, and show her the frayed tinsel and worn faces by daylight. This will do more for her than all your sermons on the dangers of a theatrical career.

The young heart is fascinated with the thought of danger and temptation.

It is repelled by the commonplace and the ugly.

When you talk to a young mind in a whisper and behind locked doors about a temptation to be avoided, you but give edge to appetite and curiosity.

When you bring the temptation out into the glare of sunlight, and speak of it in presence of the whole world, you dispel the illusion.

I will gather together some data concerning the sporting men of America, and send your son. I will also mail him the sporting papers regularly. Let him talk and read openly about the subject, and it will lose half its weird charm.

He, too, should learn to dance, swim, fence, and ride. His bounding vitality needs directing in wholesome channels. I have never understood the prejudice against dancing.

To me, it is a form of religious praise of the Creator of youth, health, vitality, and grace. I have always loved dancing, and the exercise, besides being eminently beneficial to the health

and wonderfully conducive to grace is, to my thinking, highly moral in its effect. Its only danger lies in wrong associations, and these seem to threaten young people who are restricted from the enjoyment in their homes and among their rightful companions.

I cannot help thinking that Loie Fuller should have a niche in the hall of fame, among the "Immortals," for having given the last century her exquisitely beautiful creations in dancing.

No woman has given us a great epic, or a great painting, or a great musical composition, but she has given us a great dance-poem, which is at the same time a painting and a song. Oh, you poor starved, blind soul, to be deprived of such beautiful spectacles. How I pity you, and how I pray you to give your children the privileges you have missed through a belittling idea of your Creator.

Do you fancy God would punish beautiful young Rebecca for dancing, any sooner than he would blight the willow-tree for waving its graceful arms to the tune the wind-harps play?

## To the Rev. Milton Marsh

Come up out of the jungles of ignorance and bigotry, my dear cousin, and live on the hilltops and bring your children with you. For there you will all find yourself nearer to God and to humanity.

# To Mrs. Charles McAllister

*Formerly Miss Winifred Clayborne*

I AM glad that for once you have written and asked my advice before you began your course of action.

You wrote me after you entered Vassar and asked me what I thought of your doing so.

You wrote me after you married Doctor McAllister, and asked me what I thought of that. My reply was a wedding gift and a telegram of good wishes. Now, after three years of married life, you write again and ask me to decide a question which has caused some discussion between you and the doctor.

"He did not take my view of the matter at first," you say, "but he does now. Still, I feel

that I would like another unprejudiced opinion before I take the contemplated step. You knew I left college before finishing my course. I was in love and the doctor urged me not to make him wait another year. He said I knew enough to make him happy, and so I consented."

Then you proceed to tell me that you have never regretted this step, and that you have the best husband in the world. But you have decided musical gifts, and before meeting the doctor you intended going abroad to cultivate them after you finished at Vassar. This old ambition has taken hold of you again, and you want to join a friend, one of your classmates, who sails in June to study art in Europe. You desire to take a two or three years' course, and then you will be equipped with an accomplishment which could be made a profession if necessity demanded.

"One never knows what the future holds," you say, "and it is the duty of every woman to make the most of herself." Both remarks are as true as they are trite. An almost graduate

of Vassar should be more original in expressing herself.

But there is another duty a woman should not forget — the duty to stand by her marriage vows and to make her husband a good wife. It seems the doctor did not eagerly approve your idea at the beginning. I am glad he did not. Unless a wife is in a precarious state of health or has an ailing child, I always suspect the honesty of a husband who cheerfully seconds her suggestion of a protracted absence from home.

When a man shows no regret at having his wife away for an entire season, there is something wrong with his heart.

Love does not find its home there, or he could not speed her going so far, and for so long a time, at the bidding of ambition or pleasure. You evidently have won the doctor over by argument, and made him feel that he is selfish to tie you down or clip the wings of your ambition. The American husband is so fearful of seeming a tyrant. "He realizes now," you say, "that a woman has the right to develop the

talents God gave her just as a man does, and that it is a wrong against her 'higher self' to crush down these ambitions. He realizes, too, that this separation means greater powers of usefulness for me in the future, and greater opportunities for pleasure. It will be a long and lonely time for both of us, as I shall only come home once or twice and the doctor may not be able to go over at all, though I hope he will. But the expense of my studies will of course be great, and we shall both need to economize. It is my intention to start a little conservatory after I return and take a few high-priced pupils. In that way I can reimburse our expenditure."

But can you, my dear Winifred, *reimburse your mutual losses in other ways?* You do not seem to realize what such a separation may mean. You are both young and both attractive. I know now that you are beginning to be angry at my suggestion, but, fortunately, you cannot interrupt me, and you must hear what I have to say.

Of course you are not a frivolous flirt, or a silly-headed creature with no ideals or principles. You have nothing of the adventuress in your composition, but you are a young woman, with personal charms and talents, and life will be unutterably desolate for you if you make a recluse of yourself. You will be surrounded by people of artistic temperaments and tastes, and I know, if you do not, that many of these people do lack ideals, and some of them lack principles and take pride in the fact. "Art for art's sake, life for pleasure's sake," is their motto. The entire situation will be full of danger for you. But far more danger will surround your husband. A man's temptations are always greater than a woman's. That is, there are *more* temptations in his pathway, from the fact that he is by nature and environment less guarded and protected, and the penalties for folly are less severe. And of all men, unless it is a clergyman, a physician is most exposed to temptation. He is the confidant of hysterical women and the sharer of domestic secrets.

## To Mrs. Charles McAllister

Many a woman believes she is ill only because she desires the sympathy of her doctor, just as many a woman fancies herself disturbed with religious agitation only because she wants the society of her minister.

Of course a doctor of any character or principle does not compromise his reputation or disgrace his calling readily. I hear Doctor McAllister spoken of as a man of high standing, and his picture shows a well-balanced head and an honest, manly face. But "A man's a man for a' that," my dear Winifred.

We must accept facts as they exist all about us, and we must not demand of half-evolved human beings what we would expect of wholly divine creatures. It is an unnatural position for a man to be separated from the wife he loves for months and years.

Unless he is sustained by intense religious beliefs, extreme sympathy or sorrow for her (as he might be were she compelled by some great trouble or duty to be absent), it is impossible for him not to grow in a measure forgetful of his

ideals of constancy, and to drift into bachelor habits of distraction. Men do a thousand and one things for amusement which no woman could or would. Gilded and glittering halls of vice are inviting the inspection and patronage of men who are left at home by journeying and pleasure-seeking wives.

I know this terrible statement to be absolutely true — *gambling-houses and dens of infamy speak of their "best season" when wives leave town for summer outings, just as a farmer speaks of his harvest season when crops are ripe.* I do not suppose your husband will seek the companionship of gamblers or depraved souls during your absence. Men as seemingly high and strong as he have fallen so low, but I do not believe he will. Yet, so long as we know such conditions exist, and so long as men as a class take the liberties they do when left to find distraction and entertainment, it seems to me little less than criminal when a young wife like yourself deliberately leaves her home and husband for the sake of any possible attainment.

## To Mrs. Charles McAllister

You have no right to marry a man and then to make his happiness and his comfort secondary to your ambitions.

If he had neglected you, if he failed to support you, if he was not loyal to you, it would be different.

But you say he is "the best of men," and that you never have regretted marrying him.

Then let me beg of you to stand by him, as a wife should, and to make what progress in your music you can at home, and wait until your husband can accompany you before you go abroad to study.

The highway of divorce is crowded with the student wives who have been "abroad to study," leaving their husbands at home to earn the money. Do not be one of them.

There are greater things than a satisfied ambition, and a clean, happy, united married life is one.

# To Mrs. Charles Gordon

*Concerning Maternity*

I HAVE tried to imagine myself in your place, as you requested, before answering your letter.

To be the mother of two children, and to know that a third may be added before the fifth anniversary of your wedding, is for the most maternal of women a situation requiring rare patience and much philosophy.

I know that your strength is depleted, that you are nervously unstrung, and I can understand your despondent state of mind.

It seems to you that all romance and sentiment in life is being sacrificed to breeding the species. You feel that you have some personal

privileges as a wife and a woman, not less than a mother.

Like yourself, I do not believe woman's only mission in life to be the production of offspring, yet I consider motherhood the highest privilege accorded her who has for it the right physical and moral qualities.

Only strong, sensible, and healthy women should become mothers, and it is a mistake for even such as they to be kept constantly in that occupation.

You possess all the requisites, and you ought to bring fine children into the world, since you married the man you loved, and have been happy with him.

But I can understand your reluctance to pass through the ordeal which modern motherhood in civilized races means, for a third time, in so short a period. But try and take another view of the situation.

Benjamin Franklin was the fifteenth child of a poor tallow chandler. It is altogether probable that his coming seemed a misfortune

to his mother, taxed with the care of such a brood. Think what the world would have missed had he not come to earth.

Then think of this unborn child as something wonderful and divine, given to you to perfect. Believe it is to be the greatest blessing to you and to the whole world.

Cultivate love and protection in your heart for it.

Tell yourself every hour of the day that the God of love will not desert you or deprive you of strength and courage for your ordeal. That he will be ever near, and sustain and comfort you.

Desire all beautiful and good qualities to be given your child, and resolutely turn away from the contemplation of anything that is hideous, or unwholesome, or depressing.

Look for pleasing objects, read cheerful and uplifting books, and from infinite space call to you all ministering influences.

Consider how short a time, when compared to the span of human life, expectant motherhood

occupies, and realize the vastness of its influence upon the nature of the child, and through that nature upon all humanity.

Once you grasp that consciousness, you will feel your closeness to the Creator of all things.

Indeed, there is no other being on earth so nearly Godlike in power as the mother who realizes what her influence over her unborn child may be.

The hard and painful path for you to walk is but a short one compared to the long roadway to eternity for your child.

Perhaps some great statesman, or some great artist, or some great scientist or philosopher is lying under your heart, and it is in your power to make or mar his development. Perhaps a Joan of Arc, or a Rosa Bonheur, or a Martha Washington will crown you with pride.

Such genius and influence for good as the world has never before known, from mortal sources, may be given to it through your unborn child. How wonderful your privilege, how vast your power!

Only a few short months, and then the growing wonder of a child's unfolding mind, to beautify your days.

Think of it in this way, dear little tired and nervous woman, and God and all his angels will hover over you, I know, and all will be well with you.

My prayers are with you.

# To Mr. Alfred Duncan

*Concerning the Ministry*

And so you have changed your plan of life and, instead of becoming an experimenter with the flesh, are going to be a healer of souls.

And what do I think about it? I am glad you are not to be an M. D. There is an era coming when the doctor will be a prehistoric creature. Oh, it is far, far away, but already the most progressive minds have ceased to regard the family physician as an infallible being.

Medicine has made the least progress of any of the sciences in the last few centuries.

Credulity has cured more people than pills.

Were you to study medicine, I should advise you to take up surgery, osteopathy, electricity, the Kneippe Cure, milk diet, and all the various

methods of stimulating circulation; for the people who patronize these treatments are increasing, as the powder and pill patrons are on the decrease.

Then, too, I should urge you to make a careful study of mental and spiritual methods of cure, that you might be wholly equipped for the dawn of the new age. You are a young man, and you will probably live to see a wonderful change in the treatment of disease, and to find the physician of the old school relegated to the historian.

But just as carefully you should now survey the religious horizon, before beginning your studies for the ministry.

It is utterly useless to stand with lifted eyes and say, "The faith of my parents is good enough for me — good enough for all mankind."

Had the children of ancient Salem said that, and their children repeated it, you would probably be lighting faggots at this moment to roast a "witch," instead of a brother of the opposite creed.

The narrow, intolerant old dogmas have been forced into elasticity by the later generations, and the broadening work still goes on.

It makes no difference how satisfied you may be with a prospective lake of fire for your enemies, the congregations you are to address will not listen to that style of sermon as did your grandparents.

Only the ignorant minds to-day harbour ideas of cruelty and revenge in connection with a Creator.

Thinkers find such theories inconsistent with religious belief. Individual thought is leading to individual faith.

Where once I believed in a universal church for all the world, I now believe in a separate creed for each soul, one fashioned to suit his own particular need, with the underlying basis of love for all created things as its foundation.

Let each man worship in his own way, and follow his own ideal of duty to God and humanity.

If it is the pleasure of one to give up all his

worldly goods, and to go and live and labour among the poor, wish him Godspeed; but if another keeps his place among men of affairs, makes money honestly, and uses it unselfishly, let him, too, have your blessing, since he is setting a good example for the worldly-minded. If one man finds himself nearer to God on Sunday by going out and peacefully enjoying the beauties of nature and the association of his kind, do not try to convince him that he is on the highway to perdition because he does not sit in a pew and listen to depressing sermons.

The day is over for that type of clergyman to succeed.

Make a study of the needs of men *to-day*, and suit your sermons to those needs.

Men need to know more of the wonders of God's universe. Talk to them in a brief, concise, interesting manner of the recent discoveries of science, and their frequent remarkable corroboration of the old religious theories. Thousands of years ago, in Egypt and India, wise men said that metals and all created things

possessed life, and were a part of one great immortal whole, of which man was the highest expression.

Science is "discovering" and proving the truth of many statements made by those old seers and savants. Call the attention of the men of to-day to this fact, and set them thinking on the wonders of the immortal soul.

The man of to-day is an egotist regarding his scientific achievements. He has grown to think of himself as a giant before whose material success all other things must give way. He believes that he has discovered, invented, photographed and made profitable all the "facts" of the universe, and is inclined to regard with intolerance any idea beyond his own mechanical domain.

Tell him how much was divined thousands of years ago, and lead him to realize the mighty depths of the unsounded ocean of his own being.

To know your own triple self, body, mind, and spirit, and to make yourself a complete man, with the body beautiful, the mind clear, the spirit radiant, is better than to have all the

Bibles of the ages, in all their ancient languages, at your tongue's tip.

Help men to the building of character, which shall enable them to be honest in street and mart, unselfish in home and society, and sympathetic to their fellow pilgrims.

Salvation is gained as a house is built, brick by brick, day after day, not by spasmodic efforts one day in the week, and the destruction of that effort in the remaining six.

And each man must be his own mason, and select and lay his own bricks. All the clergyman can do is to act the part of overseer.

The man who goes to another, and expects his prayers to save him, is like the mason who expects the "boss" to do his work, while he draws the pay. Do no man's task — physical, mental, or spiritual. That is not friendship or religion. Your work is to stimulate others to do their own work, think their own thoughts, and live their own lives.

The world to-day demands facts to sustain faith.

## To Mr. Alfred Duncan

*Spiritual facts are to be obtained.*

Find them: for once convinced of the continuation of life beyond the grave, and of the necessity to earn its privileges, by self-conquest and character-building, humanity will rise "from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies," and will realize that this earth is but the anteroom to larger spheres of usefulness.

Go forth and find — go forth and find, and do not be afraid to strike out of beaten paths and avoid ruts. Cultivate spiritual courage. It is what few clergymen possess, and it will give you individuality at least.

Preach the religion of happy harmonious homes. Make men and women realize that heaven must begin here, in order to continue farther on, and that the angelic qualities, of love, sympathy, goodness, appreciation, must be rehearsed in the body, before they can be successfully enacted in full-dress angel costume with wings.

God will not care for the eternal praises sung about his throne by a man who swears at his

wife on earth, or a wife who nags her husband and children. It is no use expecting a rôle in a continuous performance of happiness in heaven, if you do not learn one line of the part on earth.

Make your congregations think of the necessity to *live* their religion in earth's commonplace daily situations.

That is the religion the world needs.

# To Mr. Charles Gray

*Concerning Polygamy*

All that you say, regarding the excitement over the seating of your Salt Lake Senator, is quite true.

I have visited your city, and have made the acquaintance of many of your people, and I know the private life of the gentleman you sent to represent you in Washington is beyond reproach.

He is a good husband, a good father, a good citizen. He was born of a polygamous father and mother, and his childhood's home was a happy one. He was educated in the belief that it was wrong for a man to cohabit with any woman not his wife, but right for him to marry many wives.

He has not married many wives, however, and does not intend to. His private life, his domestic life and his financial record are all clean and clear of stain.

So much cannot be said of many other Senators and Representatives at our capitol.

Good women are horrified when seeking government positions to find how the sacrifice of virtue is demanded as payment for influence.

These statements cannot be evaded or denied. Let one who questions them investigate the conditions existing in Washington in the past and to-day.

What a record it would be were every girl and woman who had been led into the path of folly by married Senators and Representatives to come forth and tell her story!

There are clean, decent, high-minded men in both houses. There are good citizens, good patriots, good men there.

But so long as one married seducer and misleader of women retains a seat in either house unmolested, so long as one man stays who is

unfaithful to his marriage vows, the opposers of the Senator from Utah should base their objections on other than moral grounds.

But despite the facts you bring to bear on your argument, that polygamy leads to more morality in the homes of the land than our present conditions illustrate, I must disagree with you.

I am opposed to polygamy. Any social arrangement which licenses men to possess several women, to give full rein to their desires, is a block to the wheels of progress.

Not until man learns the lesson of self-control, as woman has learned it, will humanity reach its highest development.

Not until man ceases to place himself on a par with the unreasoning male animal, when he argues on the subject of the sexual relations, will he become the master of circumstance he is meant to be.

One man and one woman living sexually true to each other is the ideal domestic life. Better strive toward that ideal, and fail and strive again, than to lower it and accept license and

self-indulgence as the standard, under some religious name.

Polyandry and polygamy are both evidences of a crude and half-evolved humanity.

They belong to a society which has not learned the law of self-control as a part of its religious creed and the march of progress. The light of science makes havoc of all such primitive conditions.

You tell me that your father was the husband of three wives, and that all lived under one roof in sisterly love, and that you never heard an unkind word spoken in your home, and that all three wives loved you as a son. You tell me your father held high ideals of womankind, and that the existence of a fallen woman was impossible in your community.

Now I contend that any woman who accepts less than the full loyalty of the man to whom she gives herself for life *has fallen from woman's highest estate.* She lowers not only herself, but the whole sex.

To take a third of a man's love, and to share

his physical and mental and spiritual comradeship with two other wives, is far more immoral, to my thinking, than to take the whole of a man without legal authority.

It drags down and belittles woman in the eyes of man. It is useless to contend that such conditions lead to respect.

There is too much of the big male I, and the little female you, in the arrangement. There is too much of the old idea that God made man, and accident made woman, for man's use. There is too much of self-indulgence for the man, and repression for the woman, — a condition which has blocked the highest development of the race for centuries.

Meanwhile, I think it a great pity that society does not hold the expectant mother in the same reverence as in your community. That is certainly a lesson we can learn from the Mormons. And that explains why your children, born of polygamous mothers, are stronger physically, and more universally endowed mentally, than the average children in the world at large.

Mothers were guarded and protected and revered, and children were made welcome, and no such crime as darkens our own social world — the crime of destroying embryo life — was known in your midst.

It is a glorious heritage to give a child this parental love and welcome. It lasts through eternity.

But it does not seem to me that it is necessary to have polygamy prevail in order to produce right conditions for the propagation of offspring. In time the world will realize the importance of teaching men and women how to become good parents.

It will learn, too, the magnificent results to be obtained from one moral code for both sexes, and this result could never be obtained in a polygamous community.

# To Walter Smeed

*Concerning Creeds and Marriage*

Before you left us, I realized that you and my pretty secretary were finding matters of mutual interest.

Therefore, I am not surprised that you are thinking seriously of her as a future companion.

Rosalie is a charming, intelligent, warm-hearted, excellent girl, and there is no reason why she would not make you a good wife, save the one you mention — the difference in your creeds.

You are a Roman Catholic, Rosalie is a devout Protestant.

Were the cases reversed, and were you the Protestant and Rosalie the Catholic, I should say the chances of happiness were greater than as conditions now stand.

As a rule, the most religious man is more liberal than the religious woman. And when marriage between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant is the question, there is need of greater liberality on the part of the Protestant than on that of the Catholic.

Why? Because with the Protestant there is no consideration to be thought of outside of his or her own convictions and feelings.

With the Catholic, the power of the Church and the law regarding the rearing of the children in its faith walks beside the contracting party, sits at the table, and sleeps on the marital couch.

There is no happiness for the husband or wife who has entered into such a marriage, after the arrival of children, unless the laws of the Church are obeyed.

When the wife is a Catholic, the fact that she is a good woman and true wife satisfies the Protestant husband, as a rule, and he makes no objection to her carrying out the contract with her Church regarding the education of the children.

If they are as moral and good as their mother, he does not care what faith occupies their hearts or in what way they worship God.

But to the mother this is a matter of vital importance.

Woman is by nature more devout than man.

Woman is by nature more tyrannical than man.

Take those two characteristics, and add to them the tendency of many women to bigotry and intolerance, and it makes the matter of creeds vital in marriage.

Rosalie is broader-minded than many women, yet she is devoted to the Congregational Church, and rarely misses attendance.

It will be an easy matter for her to accept your faith for yourself and to allow you to attend your own church, and she is, I am sure, broad enough to go with you occasionally, if you request it.

But when she becomes a mother, and the children's minds are unfolding, I doubt her willingness to have them brought up in any faith save her own.

To an unwedded girl in love, a child is a very indistinct creature.

To a mother, it is a very real being.

I have seen men as deeply in love as you are, with women as liberal-minded as Rosalie, become very unhappy after marriage through the opposite ideas of the wife regarding the education of children.

You must remember how much more closely a mother's life is entwined about her children, and how much more of their association usually falls to her than to the father.

This is especially true of daughters, and is true of sons up to a certain age.

You can understand, I am sure, how much more companionship a mother would find in children who accepted her faith and attended her church than in those whose spiritual paths led in another direction.

I know Rosalie realizes that a good life, not a certain creed, leads to the goal she seeks, after this phase of existence closes, and she does not ask you to change your faith. But while she

would also believe her children were on the road to that goal, she would want them to walk through her path and by her side.

It will be hard to relinquish the woman you love, to-day, for the children who might not come to-morrow.

Yet I can give you the counsel you asked on this matter only from my personal observation of similar unions.

I should advise you to try an absence of some duration, and to forget Rosalie if you can, since you have not yet declared yourself.

Better a little temporary sorrow than a life of discord.

As you grow older your religion will, in all probability, gain a stronger ascendency over your nature, and the church to which you belong is very tenacious in its hold upon its members.

Rosalie is not of a yielding nature, and as I said before, she is more devoted to her church than most young women of the day.

The physical phases of your love blind you now. But these phases are only a part of the

tie which must bind husband and wife to make love enduring through all of life's vicissitudes.

There must be mental companionship, and to be a complete union there must be sympathy in spiritual ideas.

The very young do not realize this fact, but it is forced upon the mature.

Marital love is like a tree. It first roots in the soil of earth, and then lifts its branches to the heavens. Unless it does so lift its branches it is stunted and deformed, and is not a tree. Unless it roots in earth it is not a tree, but an air-plant or a cobweb.

You want to be sure the tree you are thinking to make a shelter for your whole life, will have far-reaching and uplifting branches, and will not be merely an earth-bound twig.

Since your church permits no second marriage save by the door of death, do not make a mistake in your first.

Take a year, at least, of absence and separation, and think the matter over.

# To Sybyl Marchmont

*Concerning Her Determination to Remain Single*

It is with genuine regret that I learn of your determination to send my nephew out of your life. Wilfred is a royal fellow, as that term is employed by us. He is what a man of royal descent in monarchies rarely proves to be, — self-reliant, enterprising, industrious, clean, and with high ideals of woman.

Eight years ago I declined a request of his for a loan, and told him my reasons — that I believed loans were an injury to our friends or relatives. My letter seemed to arouse all the strength latent in his nature, and he has made a remarkable record for himself since that time. I have known that he was deeply in love with you for the last two years, and I had hoped you

would listen to his plea. He tells me that you imparted your history to him, and that you say it is your intention to remain single, as you would not like to bring children into the world to suffer from the stigma upon your name. He has shown me your letter wherein you say, "I am not in fault for having to blush for the sins of my parents; but I would be in fault if my children had to blush for the blemish upon the name of their grandparents. I do not feel I could meet their questioning eyes when they asked me about my parents. I can better bear the loss of the personal happiness of a home and a husband's love."

Wilfred is just the man to protect you and to keep the world at a distance, where it could not affect your life by its comments. He regards your birth in the same light that I do, and would rather transmit your lovely qualities of soul and mind to his descendants than the traits of many proudly born girls who are ready to take him at the first asking: for you must know how popular he is with our sex.

I can not believe you are insensible to his magnetic and lovable qualities, but, as you say, you have been so saddened by the sudden knowledge of your history that it has blunted your emotions in other directions. I can only hope this will wear away and that you will reconsider your resolve and consent to make Wilfred the happy and proud man you could, by becoming his wife.

*Never forget that God created love and man created marriage.*

And to be born of a loveless union is a darker blight than to be born in love without union.

But what I want to talk about now, is your determination to live a single life and to devote yourself to reclaiming weak and erring women. You are young to enter this field of work, yet at twenty-four you are older than many women of thirty-five, because you have had the prematurely ripening rain of sorrow on your life. I know you will go into the work you mention with the sympathy and understanding which alone can make any reformatory work successful. Yet

you are going to encounter experiences which will shock and pain you, in ways you do not imagine now.

You are starting out with the idea of most sympathetic good women, that all erring souls of their own sex fall through betrayed trust, and broken promises, and misplaced love. Such cases you will encounter, and they will most readily respond to your efforts for their reformation. But many of those you seek to aid will have gone on the road to folly through mercenary motives, and this will prove a vast obstacle.

When a woman sells to Mammon, under any stress of circumstance, that which belongs to Cupid, there is something left out of her nature and character which renders the efforts of the reformers almost useless. You know all real, lasting reform must come from within. The woman who has once decided that fine apparel, and comfort, and leisure, are of more value to her than her virtue usually reaches old age or disease before the reformer can even gain her attention. You will find many such among your

protégées, and you may as well leave them to work out their own reformation, and turn your energies to those who long for a better life.

It is that longing which means real reformation. To paraphrase an old couplet —

> The soul reformed against its will
> Clings to the same old vices still.

I do not believe in a forced morality, save as a protection to a community. I believe in it as a legal fence, but it possesses no value as a religious motive. It helps to save society some annoyance, but it does not materially improve the condition of humanity. Such improvements must come from the desire of men and women to reach higher standards. So, after you have planted a little seed in the mind of the mercenary Magdalene which may in time sprout and grow, pass on, and find those who have gone wrong from other causes, and who are longing for a hand to lead them right.

And of all things do not expect a girl who has lived in the glare of red lights, and listened to

the blare of bands, and worn the ofttimes becoming garb of folly, and stimulated her spirits with intoxicants — do not expect her, I say, to suddenly be contented with quiet and solitude, and drudgery, and cheap, unlovely garments, and goodness. Give her something to entertain her and to occupy her mind, give her something to live for and hope for and to be pleased over, besides the mere fact of reformation. The opium victim, you must remember, can not at once partake of wholesome food and be well and happy in the thought that he has given up his drug. Neither can the folly victim. The standards of happiness and contentment which the moral woman has always found satisfactory, she too often considers sufficient for the sister who has wandered from the path. But they are standards which, once lost, must be gained step by step, painfully and slowly. They are not reached by a bound. As much as possible keep your reformed sister's mind from dwelling on the past, or from talking of her mistakes and sins. Blot them from her memory by new and interest-

ing plans and occupations. The way to live a new life is to live it.

And our thoughts and conversation are important parts of living. Instead of praying aloud to God to forgive her sins, show the God spirit in yourself by forgiving and forgetting and helping her to forget.

And now a word about yourself.

You are twenty-four, lovely, sympathetic, fond of children and animals, wholesome and normal in your habits, without crankiness, and popular with both sexes. While there are many wives and widows possessed of these qualities, there seems to be some handicap to the spinster in the race of life who undertakes to arrive at middle age with all the womanly attributes. Almost invariably she drops some of them by the wayside. She becomes overorderly and fussy — so that association with her for any length of time is insupportable — or careless and indifferent. Or she may grow inordinately devoted to animal pets, and bitter and critical toward children and married people.

She may develop mannish traits, and dress and appear more like a man than a feminine woman.

She may ride a hobby, to the discomfort of all other equestrians or pedestrians on the earth's highway. She may grow so argumentative and positive that she is intolerant and intolerable. And whichever of these peculiarities are hers, she is quite sure to be wholly unconscious of it, while she is quick to see that of another. Now watch yourself, my dear Sybyl, as you walk alone toward middle life; do not allow yourself to grow queer or impossible. It was God's intent that every plant should blossom and bear fruit, and that every human being should mate and produce offspring. The plant that fails in any of its functions is usually blighted in some way, and the woman who fails of life's full experiences seems to show some repellent peculiarity. But she need not, once she sets a watch upon herself; she has a conscious soul and mind, and can control such tendencies if she will.

It is unnatural for a woman to live without

the daily companionship of man. The superior single woman must make tenfold the effort of the inferior wife, to maintain her balance into maturity, because of her enforced solitude. As the wife-mother grows older she is kept in touch with youth, and with the world, while the opportunities for close companionship with the young lessen as a single woman passes forty, unless she makes herself especially adaptable, agreeable, and sympathetic.

And this is what I want you to do. At twenty-four it is none too soon to begin planning for a charming maturity.

If you are determined upon a life of celibacy, determine also to be the most wholesome, and normal, and all around liberal, womanly spinster the world has ever seen.

Peace and happiness to you in your chosen lot.

# To Mrs. Charles Gordon

*Concerning Her Sister and Her Children*

No, my dear Edna, I do not think it strange that you should seek advice on this subject from a woman who has no living children.

It seems to me no one is fitted to give such unbiased counsel regarding the training of children as the woman of observation, sympathy, and feeling, who has none of her own.

Had I offspring, I would be influenced by my own successes, and prejudiced by my own failures, and unable to put myself in your place, as I now do.

A mother rarely observes other people's children, save to compare them unfavourably with her own. I regret to say that motherhood

with the average woman seems to be a narrowing experience, and renders her less capable of taking a large, unselfish view of humanity.

The soldier in the thick of battle is able to tell only of what he personally experienced and saw, just in the spot where he was engaged in action.

The general who sits outside the fray and watches the contest can form a much clearer idea of where the mistakes occurred, and where the greatest skill was displayed.

I am that general, my dear friend, standing outside the field of motherhood, and viewing the efforts of my battling sisters to rear desirable men and women. And I am glad you have appealed to me while your two children are yet babies to give you counsel, for I can tell you where thousands have failed.

And I thank you and your husband for reposing so much confidence in my ideas.

I think, perhaps, we had better speak of the postscript of your letter first. You ask my opinion regarding the chaperon for your six-

teen-year-old sister, who is going abroad to study for a period of years. Mrs. Walton will take her and keep her in her home in Paris, and Miss Brown also stands ready to make her one of three young girls she desires to chaperon and guide through a foreign course of study in France and Germany.

You like the idea of having your sister in a home without the association of other American girls, until she perfects herself in French, but you are worried about Mrs. Walton's being a divorced woman. Miss Brown, the spotless spinster, seems the safer guide to your friends, you tell me.

I know the majority of women would feel that a single woman of good standing and ungossiped reputation was a safe and desirable protector for a young girl.

The same majority would hesitate to send their girls away with a divorced woman.

But as I remarked in the beginning, I have stood outside the fray and watched similar ventures, and I have grown to realize that it is not

mere respectability and chastity in a woman which make her a safe chaperon for a young girl, — it is a deep, full, broad understanding of temperaments and temptations.

Had I a daughter or a sister like your sweet Millie, I would not allow her to live one year under the dominion of such a woman as Miss Brown for any consideration. Why? because Miss Brown is all brain and bigotry. She is narrow and high, not deep and broad.

She is so orthodox that she incites heresy in the rebellious mind of independent youth. She is so moral she makes one long for adventure. She would not listen to any questioning of old traditions, or any speculative philosophizing of a curious young mind, and she would be intolerant with any girl who showed an inclination to flirt or be indiscreet.

Your sister Millie is as coquettish as the rose that lifts its fair face to the sun, and the breeze, and the bee, and expects to be admired. She is as innocent as the rose, too, but that fact Miss Brown would never associate with coquetry.

She would class it with vulgarity and degeneracy. Miss Brown is a handsome woman, but she has no sex instincts. She does not believe with the scientist, "that in the process of evolution it is only with the coming of the sex relation that life is enabled to rise to higher forms."

She believes in brain and spirit, and is utterly devoid of that feminine impulse to make herself attractive to men, and wholly incapable of understanding the fascination that Folly holds out to youth. She has never experienced any temptation, and she would be shocked at any girl who fell below her standard.

She would carefully protect Millie from danger by high walls, but she would never eradicate the danger impulse from her nature by sympathetic counsel, as a more human woman could.

Mrs. Walton is a much better guide for your sister.

She ran away from boarding-school at seventeen, and married the reckless son of a rich man. She had a stepmother of the traditional type,

and had never known a happy home life. She was of a loving and trusting and at the same time a coquettish nature, and she attracted young Walton's eye while out for a walk with a "Miss Brown" order of duenna. The duenna saw the little embryo flirtation, and became very much horrified, and preached the girl a long sermon, and set a close watch upon her actions.

There was no wise, loving guidance of a young girl's life barque from the reefs of adventure. It was homily and force. The result was, that the girl escaped from school before six weeks passed, and married her admirer.

He was fifteen years her senior, a reckless man of the world, even older in experience than in years. He proved a very bad husband, but his young wife remained with him until his own father urged her to leave him. She was quietly divorced, and has lived abroad almost ever since, and holds an excellent position in the French capital, as well as in other European centres, and she is most exemplary in her life. Mr.

Walton is now an inmate of a sanitarium, a victim of paresis.

I can imagine no one so well fitted to exert the wisest influence upon Millie's life as Mrs. Walton.

There is a woman who has run the whole gamut of girlish folly, and who knows all the phases of temptation. She knows what it is to possess physical attractions, and to be flattered by the admiration of men, and she has passed through the dark waters of disillusion and sorrow. She would be the one to help Millie out of dangerous places by sympathy and understanding, instead of using sermons and keys.

She would mould her young, wax-like character by the warmth of love, instead of freezing it by austere axioms.

Miss Brown would make an indiscreet young girl feel hopelessly vulgar and immodest; Mrs. Walton that she understood all about her foolish pranks, and was able to lead her in the better paths.

## To Mrs. Charles Gordon

Miss Brown prides herself upon never having lost her head with any man.

Mrs. Walton is like some other women I have known, who have made mistakes of judgment. She lost her head, but in the losing and the sorrow that ensued she found a heart for all humanity.

There are women in this world whose cold-white chastity freezes the poor wayfarer who tries to find in their vicinity rest and comfort and courage.

Other women cast a cooling shadow, in which the sun-scorched pilgrim finds peace — the shadow of a past error, from which spring fragrant ferns and sweet grasses, where tired and bleeding feet may softly tread.

Mrs. Walton's life casts the shadow of divorce on her pathway, but it is only the warm, restful shadow of a ripening and mellowing sorrow. Do not fear to have Millie walk in it.

It will be better for her than the steady glare from a glacier.

I find I have said so much about your sister

that I must reserve my counsel about your children for another letter.

Your postscript was brief, but pregnant with suggestion, and called for this long reply.

I shall write you again in a few days.

# To Mrs. Charles Gordon

*Concerning Her Children*

Your wish to have your son, who is now four years old, begin to develop the manly qualities, and your oldest daughter, who has reached the mature age of three, start wisely on the path to lovely womanhood, is far from being premature.

"The tree inclines as the twig is bent," we are told.

Most mothers wait until the tree is in blossom before they begin to train its inclination.

Your boy is quite old enough to be taught manly pride, in being useful to you and his sisters.

Such things are not successfully taught by preaching or scolding or punishing; but are

more easily inculcated by tact and praise, object-lesson and play.

A four-year-old boy is all ears when his father's praises and achievements are recounted. Any father, save a brute, is a hero in the eyes of his four-year-old son. I am sure Mr. Gordon has many admirable traits you can use as interesting topics.

Tell little Charlie how proud you are to have a son who will be like his father, and attend to the needs of and look after the interests of his mother and sisters.

Make him think that to be of service to you or his sisters is one of the first steps toward manhood, as indeed it is.

When he performs any small kindness, praise his manliness.

Teach him to open doors, and to make way for women and elders, as a part of manly courtesy.

Speak with gentle disapproval of the unfortunately common type of American boy who pushes women and older people aside to scram-

ble into public conveyances and secure a seat before them.

Say how proud you are that your son could not be guilty of such unmanly conduct.

When you are walking with him, call his attention to any woman or child or poor man in trouble, and if his services can be of use, urge him to offer them.

I saw one day a small boy spring to the aid of an old coloured woman who had dropped a lot of parcels in the street, and I thought it was a certain evidence that his mother was a rare and sweet woman. For the manners of little boys are almost invariably what their mothers make them.

Awake early in his heart a sympathy for the deformed, the crippled, and otherwise unfortunate beings.

There is no other country where such vulgar and heartless curiosity, and even ridicule, is bestowed upon grotesque or unsightly types of humanity, as in America.

A little dwarfed girl in New York City com-

mitted suicide a few years ago because she was so weary of being laughed at and ridiculed by her associates in the street and at school.

Think of that, in this Christian age, and in the metropolis of America!

An old street peddler was set upon by school-children and so annoyed and misused that he became insane.

Another was injured by street children — the children of the public schools — and died from the effects of their abuse.

This is the fault of mothers who have never deemed it their duty and privilege to awaken the tender and protective qualities in the character of their children.

Speak often to your boy of the pathos of dumb animals dependent upon human thoughtfulness for food, drink, and decent usage.

Say what a privilege it seems to you to be able to befriend them, and to be a voice for them in making others realize their duty to our dumb brothers.

Obtain interesting books on natural history

and read stories of animal life to your boy. Instruct him in the habits of beast, bird, and insect, and talk to him of the wonderful domestic instincts and affections in many of our speechless associates. The exhilaration of the wild bird, and the happiness of the deer and the hare in the woods and fields, call to his mind day by day. It will be more gratifying to you when he is man grown to feel he is the loving friend and protector, rather than the skilled hunter of bird and beast.

The higher order of man does not seek slaughter for amusement. He realizes that he has no right to take, save for self-protection, that which he cannot give.

Make your son a higher order of man by developing those brain cells and leaving the destructive and cruel portions of the brain to shrink from lack of use.

Even in his play with his inanimate toys, you can be arousing the best or the worst part of your boy's nature.

The child who whips and screams at his

hobby-horse usually, when a man, whips and bellows at his flesh and blood steed.

Tell him the play-horse is more easily managed by coaxing and petting, and that loud voices make it nervous and frightened.

Suggest water and feed at suitable times, and express sorrow for the horses with no kind boys to look out for them.

Start a humane society in the nursery and make your boy president and your little girl honorary member, and act as treasurer and secretary yourself.

Give him a medal when he offers food to a hungry street animal or speaks to a driver cruel to his horse, or performs any other kind act. This will be interesting play to your children, and it will be sowing seed in fallow ground.

Your baby girl is already old enough to take pride in picking up the toys she scatters, and putting her chair where it belongs. Make it a part of your hour of sport with her to help her do these things. She will not know she is being taught order.

## To Mrs. Charles Gordon

I learned this lesson from a famous author whose baby son was anxious to play about the library where his father was at work.

The first act of the toddler was to toss all the books in sight upon the floor and to sit down and turn the leaves, hunting for pictures. This performance interested him for half an hour, when he proceeded to seek new fields of action.

"But now let us have great fun putting all the books back just where we found them," cried the tactful father, with a wink and a laugh, which made the child believe he was to enjoy the sport of his life. And it *was* made sport by the foolish pranks of the father who knew how little it took to interest a child.

The next day, and the next, the same fall and rise in the book market took place, but on the fourth day the father was too deeply engrossed in work to assist in the replacing of the books: when, lo! the small lad, after a wistful waiting and unanswered call, proceeded to put the books all back alone.

*The first important brick in the foundation wall of order was laid.*

So you can teach your little girl all the womanly habits of method, and order, and neatness, and system, if you have the patience to act the part of playmate with her a few moments daily.

As she grows in understanding and years, keep yourself at her side, her nearest friend. Let her feel that she can express her every thought to you, and that every question which presents itself to her developing mind, you will seek to answer to the best of your ability.

Be her confidant, her adviser, her friend, and let her find pride and happiness in doing things for you.

Never act as maid or domestic to your daughter.

Be the queen and make her your first lady-in-waiting, and show her the courtesy and appreciation her position demands from royalty. She will be a better daughter, and a better wife and mother, later in life, if you do not make the mistake of the average American mother of waiting upon her from the cradle to the altar.

Let her grow up with the quiet understanding that you are to be first considered, in matters social and financial. Your wardrobe must be as well looked after as her own, and if there is to be economy for one, let her practise it.

The daughter who has a whole household sacrificing and toiling for her pleasures is spoiled for a wife and woman. The most admirable young women I have known — and I have known many — are those who were taught to take it as a matter of course that the mother was first to be considered, and lovingly served.

Do not be afraid of making your daughter vain by telling her the attractive features she may possess.

Some one else will if you do not, and it is well for her to hear it from lips which may more successfully offer counsel afterward. A certain confidence in her own charms gives a sensibly reared young woman a poise and self-possession which is to be desired. A touch of feminine vanity renders a woman more anxious to please, and more alert to keep always at her best.

But beware of having her acquire egotism. Silly conceit is the death-blow to higher attainments and to all charm.

Teach your daughter early the accomplishment of listening well. She will be certain to please if she understands its value.

A woman who looks the converser in the eyes, and does not allow her glance to wander and become distrait, and who does not interrupt before the recital is finished, can be sure of popularity with both men and women.

Give both your son and daughter confidence in themselves and belief in their power to achieve. There is tremendous power in the early inoculation by the home influence of self-confidence, when it is tempered by modesty and consideration for others.

Remember whatever in your own bringing up seems to-day unfortunate, and avoid it in the training of your children.

Remember whatever was good and helpful, and emulate it.

# To Miss Zoe Clayborn, Artist

*Concerning the Attentions of Married Men*

I AM sure, my dear niece, that you are a good and pure-minded girl, and that you mean to live a life above reproach, and I fully understand your rebellion against many of the conventional forms which are incompatible with the career of a "girl bachelor," as you like to call yourself. But let us look at the subject from all sides, while you are on the threshold of life, in the morning of your career, and before you have made any more serious mistakes than the one you mention.

For it was a mistake when you accepted Mr. Gordon's telephone message to lunch alone with

him at a restaurant, even though you knew his wife might not object.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are happily married, parents of several children. They are broader and more liberal and more unselfish than most parents, and they went out of their path to extend courtesies to you, a young country girl —at first because you were my niece, then because they liked you personally.

When I first wrote Mrs. Gordon that you were to open a studio in Chicago after your course of study in the East, she expressed deep interest in you, and seemed anxious to have you consider her as a friend — always ready to act as a chaperon or adviser when you felt the need of wiser guidance than your own impulses.

Mrs. Gordon knew that your experience of the world was limited to a country village in the West, and two years' study at the Pratt Institute. While there she knew you boarded with a cousin of your mother's, and enjoyed the association and privileges of the daughters of the home.

## To Miss Zoe Clayborn, Artist

To start alone in Chicago, and live in your studio, and dine from a chafing-dish, and sleep in an unfolded combination bureau and refrigerator — has more fascinations to your mind than to Mrs. Gordon's. She was reared in comfort, bordering on luxury, and while her early home life was not happy, she enjoyed all the refinements and all the privileges of protected girlhood.

She knows city life as you cannot know it, and, although she discards many of the burdensome conventions of society, she realizes the necessity of observing some of its laws.

She wanted you to feel that you had the background of a wholesome home, and the protection of clean, well-behaved married friends in your exposed situation; her attitude to you is just what she would want another woman to hold toward her daughter, were she grown up and alone in a large city.

You have been her guest, and she has been your good friend. Mr. Gordon admired you from the first, and that was a new incentive

for this most tactful and liberal of wives to befriend you. She always cultivates the women he likes.

This is excellent policy on the part of a wife. If the husband has any really noble qualities or possesses a sterling character, he will appreciate and respect his wife's confidence, and never violate it; and added to this, he will usually become disillusioned with the women he has admired from a distance, when he sees them frequently at too close range.

A wife can make no greater mistake than trying to fence her husband about and obtruding high walls between him and the women he admires. Far better bring them near and turn on the calcium light.

Mr. Gordon is a born lover of the fair sex, a born gallant. He is, at the same time, a clean, self-respecting man. But he has grown a trifle selfish and a bit vain of late years.

He does not fully realize what the interesting family of children he shows with such pride to his friends has meant to their mother.

## To Miss Zoe Clayborn, Artist

It has not occurred to him that to be the mother of three children, the youngest one year old, after six years of married life, has required a greater outlay of all the mental, moral, and physical forces than has been demanded of their father.

He is a good husband, — yet he is not the absolutely unselfish and liberal and thoughtful husband that Mrs. Gordon is wife.

If she seemed to you at all nervous, or less adaptable to your moods than he, you should stop and consider the many causes which might have led to this condition.

You are young, handsome, gifted, and unconventional, and all these things appeal to men. You can attract all the admirers you want, and more than you need, to enlarge your ideas of life, and extend your knowledge of human nature.

You say your ambition is to know the world thoroughly, — that it will aid your art.

I think that is true, if you do not pass the border-line and lose your ideals and sacrifice

your principles. Once you do that, your art will lose what it can never regain.

And remember this, my dear girl, no human being ever lived or ever will live who gained anything worth having *by sacrificing the golden rule.* In your search for knowledge of the world, and acquaintance with human nature, *keep that motto ever before your soul's sight,* "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

You say Mr. Gordon said or did nothing in that tête-à-tête luncheon his wife might not have heard or seen, but the fact that he talked entirely about you and art, and other universal subjects, and seemingly avoided any reference to his wife and children, surprised you.

And now you are wondering if you did wrong to accept this invitation. Never accept invitations of any kind from married men, unless the wife or some member of the family is included.

No matter how willing the wife may be to have you enjoy her husband's company, avoid tête-à-tête situations with benedicts.

## To Miss Zoe Clayborn, Artist

You say you are not egotistical enough to imagine Mr. Gordon had any hidden motive for wanting to be alone with you, or for seemingly forgetting in his conversation that he was a husband and father. Yet I can see that in a measure it disillusioned you.

You do not ask a man to fling his wife and children at the head of each woman he meets, but you like him to recognize their existence.

You are a young, romantic girl seeking the ideal.

You want to find happy wives and husbands, — men and women who have sailed away from the Strands of Imagination to the more beautiful land of the Real, from whose shores they beckon you, saying: "Here is happiness and great joy. Come and join us, and feel no fear in flinging the illusions of youth behind you."

If married men only knew that is what young women are seeking, — if married women only knew that is what young men are seeking, what reconstruction would take place in the department of husbands and wives!

Never yet did a married woman indulge in flirtatious or sentimental converse with a bachelor without lowering herself and all women in his heart of hearts.

Never yet did a married man seem to forget his domestic ties in the presence of single women without losing a portion of their respect, however they may have been flattered by his attentions.

In every man's heart, in every woman's, is this longing to find husbands and wives who are satisfied and happy and proud, above all other things, of their loyalty.

It would be well for you to keep this fact before the minds of the men you meet. You can, in a small way, do your little toward educating on this subject the married men you encounter. And you can save yourself some embarrassing experiences.

It is no compliment to you if the husband of your friend, or a stranger, falls in love with you.

It is an easy matter for a young, attractive woman to infatuate irresponsible men.

## To Miss Zoe Clayborn, Artist

It is a far greater compliment to you when women respect and trust you, and when you help elevate the ideals of weak men regarding your sex.

You can study the whole Encyclopedia of Manhood without breaking through the glass doors of your friend's bookcases. And you can live a free, unconventional life without sacrificing one principle, though you may ignore some customs. It is not the custom in conventional society for young women to go to theatres or dinners alone with young men. Yet I am perfectly willing you should join the large army of self-supporting, self-respecting, and well educated girls who do these things. You have been reared with that American idea of independence, and with that confidence in your ability to protect your virtue and good name, which carries the vast majority of our young women safely through all the vicissitudes of youth, and sends them chaste wives to the altar. Our American men understand this attitude of our girls, and half of them respect it, without

being forced to, as the other half can be, if woman so wills.

There is no reason, to my thinking, why you should not enjoy the companionship of interesting bachelors and widowers, and take the courtesies they offer, with no chaperon but your own pride, taste, and will. So long as you know, and these men know, that you are doing nothing and going nowhere you need remember with shame or regret, the next day, just so long you are on no dangerous path.

But you must draw the line at married men, happy or unhappy. Any confidential, tête-à-tête companionship of a single woman with a married man cheapens her in the eyes of all other men and women.

It is a simpler matter to drift into free and easy manners and call them "bohemian" than to cleanse your reputation of their stain, or lift your mind from the mire to which they inevitably lead.

Once a woman begins to excuse her lawless conduct on the ground of her "artistic tempera-

ment," there are no depths to which she may not sink.

Take pride in being at once independent yet discreet; artistic, yet sensible; a student of men, yet an example of high-minded womanhood; an open foe to needless conventions, yet a staunch friend of principles; daring in methods, yet irreproachable in conduct; and however adored by men, worthy of trust by all women.

Do not take the admiration of men too seriously. Waste no vitality in a rage over their weaknesses and vices. Regard them with patience and inspire them to strive for a better goal than self-indulgence.

You can safely take it for granted that many who approach you with compliments for your charms, and pleas for your favours, would make the same advances to any other attractive girl they chanced to encounter.

Too many young women mistake a habit for a grand passion. And they forget, while they are studying man, that he is studying woman, and testing her susceptibility to flattery and her

readiness to believe in his simulated infatuation.

Do not fall into the error of so many young country girls in a large city, and imagine you can establish new laws, create a new order of things, and teach men new lessons.

A great city is like an ever-burning fire, — the newcomers who thrust in their fingers will be scorched and scarred, but the fire will not be changed or extinguished.

*Keep out of the fire.*

There is no reason why you should scar yourself or smoke your garments while keeping comfortably warm.

# To Mr. Charles Gordon

*Concerning the Jealousy of His Wife After Seven Years of Married Life*

I HAVE read your letter with care. I can readily understand that you would not appeal to your wife's mother in this matter upon which you write me, as she has been the typical mother-in-law, — the woman who never gets along well with her children, and who never wants others to succeed where she fails. I recollect your telling me how she marred the wedding ceremony, by weeping and fainting, after having nagged her poor daughter during twenty years of life, and interfered with her friendships, through that peculiar jealousy which she misnamed "devoted love."

And now you are afraid that your wife is developing the same propensity, and you ask me to use my influence to cure her of it in its incipiency. You think I stand closer to Edna than any other friend.

"It is only during the last two or three years that Edna has shown this tendency," you say. "Until then she seemed to me the most sensible and liberal-minded of women, always admiring the people I liked, and even going out of her way to be courteous and cordial to a woman I praised. Of late she has seemed so different, and has often been sarcastic, or sulky, or hysterical, when I showed the common gallantries of a man fond of the society of ladies."

You think it is her inherited tendency cropping out, and that she is unconscious of it herself.

Well now permit me, my dear Mr. Gordon, to be very frank with you.

I met your wife only once before she married you.

She was a merry-hearted, healthy girl, with

superb colour, and the figure of a young Venus. She was a belle, and much admired by many worth-while men.

During her honeymoon, she wrote me a most charming letter speaking of her happiness, and of her desire to make you an ideal wife.

You and Edna were my guests for a few days when your first child was a year old. She seemed more beautiful than ever, with an added spiritual charm, and you were the soul of devotion.

You are the type of man who pays a compliment as naturally as he breathes, and whose vision is a sensitive plate which retains an impression of every feminine grace. This impression is developed in the memory-room afterward, and framed in your conversation.

The ordinary mind calls such a man a flirt, or, in common parlance, "a jollier;" but I know you to be merely appreciative of womankind in general, while your heart is beautifully loyal to its ideal. You are a clean, wholesome man,

who could not descend to intrigue. You are fine-looking, and you possess a gift in conversing.

Of course women are attracted to you. Edna was proud of this fact, and seemed to genuinely enjoy your popularity.

That was five years ago.

One year ago I visited your home. Edna was the mother of three children, born during the first five years of marriage.

She had sacrificed her bloom to her babies, and was pallid and anæmic. Her form had lost its exquisites curves, and she seemed years older than her age — older indeed than you, although she is four years your junior. It is a mere incident to be a father of three children. It is a lifetime experience to be their mother. She had developed nerves, and tears came as readily as laughter came of old.

She was devoted to her children, and felt a deep earnestness regarding her responsibility as a mother. But she was still the intensely loving wife, while you had sunk your rôle of lover-husband in that of adoring father.

You did not seem to think of Edna's delicate state of health, or notice her fading beauty. You regarded her as a faithful nurse for your children, and whenever you spoke of her it was as the mother, not as the sweetheart and wife.

When I mentioned the drain upon a woman's vitality to bring three robust children into life in five years, you said it was only a "natural function," and referred to the old-time families of ten and twelve children. Your grandmother had fourteen, you said, and was the picture of health at seventy-five.

My own grandmother gave ten children to the world. But we must recollect how different was the environment in those days.

Our grandmothers lived in the country, and knew none of the strain and excitement of these modern times. The high pressure of social and financial conditions, as we know them, the effort to live up to the modern standards, the congested city life and the expensive country life, all these things make motherhood a different ordeal for our women than our grandmoth-

ers. Where our grandfathers took their share of the care and guidance of children, and the children came up in a wholesome country fashion, our men to-day are so driven by the money gadfly that they can only whirl around and around and attend "to business," and all the care of the children falls upon the mother, or else upon the nurses and governesses, who in turn are a care and a worry to the wife.

You assured me Edna had all the assistants in caring for her children she wanted, but you did not realize that every paid employé in a household is, as a rule, just so much more care to the mistress, not less than a tax on the husband's purse and, consequently, on his time.

What Edna craves is *your* love, *your* attention, *your* sympathy, not the service of paid domestics. She wants you to notice her fading bloom, and to take her in your arms and say, tenderly, "Little girl, we must get those old roses back. And we must go away for a new honeymoon, all alone, and forget every care, even if we forget the babies for a few days."

One little speech like that, one little outing like that, would do more toward driving away the demon of jealousy than all I could by a thousand sermons and homilies.

I remember at your own board you made me uncomfortable talking about my complexion, which you chose to say was "remarkable for a woman of my age." And then you proceeded to describe some wonderful beauty you had seen at the Country Club the day previous, and all the time I saw the tears hidden back under the lids of Edna's tired eyes, and a hurt look on her pale face. Do you imagine she was *jealous* of your compliment to me? or of your praise of the girl's beauty at the Country Club?

No, no, my dear Mr. Gordon, I know Edna too well to accuse her of such petty feelings. She was only hurt at your lack of taste in accenting her own lost bloom by needlessly emphasizing another's possession of what had once been hers.

Yet she called upon the young lady that very day and invited her to luncheon, and even then

you indulged in pronounced admiration of the guest's cheeks, gallantly requesting your wife to have the bouquet of carnation pinks removed from the table, as they were so shamed by the complexions of the ladies.

Of course it was gracefully worded in the plural, but your pallid wife could not claim her share of it, and you should have realized the fact. And the reason she could not was that she had sacrificed her health in your service, in giving your children to you, and in losing her lover.

She adores her splendid babies, but she is still a woman and a wife, — though you seem to ignore that she is anything but a mother.

Right about face, Mr. Gordon, and become the lover you were, and jealousy will be driven from your threshold.

It is your own lack of thoughtfulness, your own tactless and tasteless methods with your wife, which have caused the change in her manner. She is not jealous, she is only lonely, heart-hungry, disillusioned.

## To Mr. Charles Gordon

You are less noble, less considerate, less tender, less sympathetic than she believed. For the man to whom these adjectives can be applied will guard, love, and cherish the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children, before all other considerations; and he will understand how sensitive a fading wife may be, and not confound that sensitiveness with ignoble jealousy.

It is you, Charles Gordon, who must cure your wife of nerves, hysteria, and incipient jealousy, not I.

# To Mrs. Clarence St. Claire

*Concerning Her Husband*

I AM sorry that your matrimonial barque meets so many rough winds while hardly out of Honeymoon Bay.

Clarence and you seemed so deeply in love when I last saw you, six months after your wedding, that I had hoped all might go well with you.

I knew the disposition of Clarence to be tainted with jealousy, but hoped you would be able to eradicate it from his nature.

You know his poor mother suffered agonies from the infidelities of his father before Clarence was born. She had married a handsome foreigner with whom she was desperately enam-

oured, while he cared only for the fortune she brought him.

While still in the full light of the honeymoon he began to indulge in flirtations and amours, and poor Clarence, during the important prenatal period of life, received the mark of suspicion and the tendency to hypersensitiveness which then dominated the mother.

By the time Elise was born she had passed through the whole process, and was passive and indifferent.

I cannot help a sensation of amusement, even in face of the condition you describe (which is little short of tragic), as I recall the letter Clarence wrote begging me to try and prevent, by fair means or foul, his sister's marriage to old Mr. Volney.

That was two years before you and Clarence were married.

Elise, we all know, wedded for the money and position Mr. Volney gave, in return for her young beauty.

Clarence and you were ideal lovers, seeing

nothing in the world outside of your own selves.

Yet Elise is quite contented, and Mr. Volney uses what little brain he has left to exult over his possession of such a beautiful young wife.

Elise upholds his dignity and flatters him into a belief that he is a great philanthropist and a social power, and in this way she has the handling of his millions, which is her idea of happiness. She travels, entertains, and poses for photographs and paintings in imported gowns, and there is no rumour of discontent or divorce.

Meanwhile, Clarence, who was so opposed to her marriage because it was loveless, is making a mess of his own love-match, through his jealousy.

You, who knew him to be insanely jealous as a lover, and who seemed to be flattered with what you thought a proof of his devotion, appeal to me now to know what to do with the husband who is destroying your love and your happiness! Surely, if Elise knew of this she

might well say, "He laughs best who laughs last."

I know that you were absorbed in Clarence for the first year of your married life, and that you gave no least cause for any jealousy, and I know, as you say, that even then he was often morbid and unhappy over nothing at all.

He was jealous even of girl friends and relatives, and if you attended a matinée with one of them, he sulked the whole evening.

This was little more than he did as a lover, and you should have begun in those days to reason him out of such moods.

You imagined then it was his mad love for you which caused his unreasonable jealousy.

But jealousy is self-love, and selfishness lies at the root of such conditions of mind as his.

A woman should say to a man who sulks or goes into tantrums when she pays courteous attentions to relatives or acquaintances, "You are lowering my ideal of you — I cannot love a man who will indulge such unworthy moods. You insult my womanhood and doubt my prin-

ciples by your suspicions; you intimate that I have neither truth, or judgment, or pride. You must conquer yourself, and learn to trust me and to believe in me, or I must decide I am no woman for you to take as a life companion." A man should take the same course toward a jealous sweetheart or wife.

A few quiet but firm assertions of this nature, when you were being wooed, would have given Clarence an idea that he could lose you, and that he was making himself ridiculous in your eyes. Instead, you boasted to your friends how wildly infatuated he was, and Clarence took new pride in his own blemish of character.

Now that you have to live day, and night, and week, and month, and year, with this trait, it seems a less romantic phase of devotion, I fancy. But you are not wise to grow reckless and ignore the wishes of your husband in all ways, because he is unreasonable. "Since he is so absolutely impossible to please," you say, "I may as well please myself. I have decided to take some of the liberties so many of my acquaintances do,

and enjoy life outside my home if I cannot enjoy it within."

Then you proceed to tell me how more than half your associates drive, lunch, and dine with men acquaintances, and how old-fashioned they consider your scruples. And you tell me that, despite your rectitude, Clarence insults you almost daily by his unreasoning jealousy of men, women, and even children.

"I have about made up my mind to be less prudish and enjoy myself, as I am sure Clarence cannot be any more jealous than he is," you say.

Now since you have asked my advice in the matter, I can only urge you to reconsider this last determination.

So long as you are, according to law and in the eyes of the world, the wife of a man, you cannot escape comment if you are frequently seen in public places alone with another.

Were you to look into the hearts of other men who ask you to dine, drive, or lunch alone with them, you would find a feeling of increased respect when you decline, although they

may show only disappointment on the surface. I know that many wives of unblemished reputation accept courtesies of this kind from masculine friends, and I of course understand that circumstances may arise which make an occasional acceptance proper.

But the fewer such occasions, the better and the safer for the married woman. The man who is perfectly willing his wife should appear frequently in public with other men does not fully appreciate the dignity of her position or his own, or else he has lost his love for her.

The fact that your husband is jealous without reason is no excuse for giving him reason. The moment men know that a husband is inclined to jealousy, he falls in their estimation, and they are seized with a desire to aggravate him, while they sympathize with the wife.

The sympathetic friend of the abused wife is a dangerous companion for her. He may mean to be platonic and kind, but almost invariably he becomes sentimental and unsafe.

Once in a thousand times the absolutely happy

wife of a husband she respects as well as loves can enjoy a platonic friendship with a man who respects her, and himself, and her husband. But even that situation is liable to prove insecure, if they are much together, owing to the selfishness and weakness of human nature when the barriers of convention are removed.

But the unhappy wife must take no chances with Fate.

She must either decide to accept her lot and bear it with philosophy, or escape from it and begin life over, after the courts have given her the right to reconstruct her destiny.

You know all that entails. It is not a pleasant process.

If your love for your husband is entirely dead, and you feel that he has forfeited all right to your sympathy, pity, or patience, then break the fetters and go free. But if you feel that you are not ready for that ordeal, and that you must still remain living under the same roof with him, and continue to bear his name, then do not join the great army of wives who are to be seen in

public restaurants and hotels dining tête-à-tête with "platonic friends" over emptied glasses.

You can but make trouble for yourself and add to the misery of your husband by such a course. In your particular case, I feel that your knowledge of the jealous disposition of the man you married renders it your duty to bear and forbear, and to try every method of reformation before you resort to the very common highway of divorce as an exit from your unhappiness.

A woman has no right to complain of the fault in a husband which she condoned in a lover. And a man has no right to complain of the fault in a wife he condoned in a sweetheart. Yet both may strive to correct that fault.

Insist upon having women and men friends who can be received at your home in presence of your husband. Make Clarence realize how he belittles himself in your estimation by unreasoning jealousy. Give him to understand that you want to love him and respect him, and that you have no intention of lowering your standard of behaviour, because he is con-

stantly expecting you to. Tell him it mortifies you to find greater pleasure away from him than in his presence, yet when he insults you with his suspicions, and destroys your comfort with his moods, you can no longer think of him as your girlhood's ideal.

Ask him to try, for your sake, to use more common sense and self-control in this matter, and to help you to restore the happiness which seems flying from your wedded lives.

Do nothing to aggravate or irritate him, but do not give up your friends of either sex; this is but to increase his inclination to petty tyranny, while it will in no sense lessen his jealousy.

And when you are alone, endeavour to think of him always as sensible, reasonable, and kind.

By your mental picture you can help to cure him of the blight he received before his birth. It is the task set many a wife, to counteract the errors and neglect of mothers.

Look to the Divine source for help in your work, and remember the lovely qualities Clar-

ence possesses when he is not under the ban of this prenatal mark.

Love him out into the light if you can — and I believe you can if you are not too soon discouraged.

It is a nobler effort to try and create in your husband the ideal you have in your mind, than to go seeking him elsewhere.

Be patient and wait awhile. Such love as you and Clarence felt in your courtship and early marriage cannot so soon have died. It is only sleeping, and suffering from a nightmare. Awaken it to life and reality and happiness.

# To Young Mrs. Duncan

*Regarding Mothers-in-Law*

And so the serpent has appeared in your Eden, attired in widow's weeds, and talking the usual jargon of "devoted mother love." I do not like to say I told you so, but you must remember our rather spirited discussion of this very serpent, when you announced your engagement and said Mr. Duncan's mother was to make her home with you after your return from abroad.

I had met Mrs. Duncan, and I knew her type all too well. Alfred is her only child, and she adores him, naturally, but it is adoration so mingled with selfishness and tyranny that it is incapable of considering the welfare of its object.

Mrs. Duncan was always jealous of any happiness which came to her son through another source than herself. That type of mother love is to be encountered every day, and that type of mother believes herself to be the most devoted creature on earth; while the fact is, she sits for ever in the boudoir of her mentality, gazing at her own reflection. She loves her children because they also reflect herself, and is incapable of unselfish pleasure in their happiness apart from her.

You will remember I urged you to wait until you could have a home, however humble, alone with your husband, and even at the cost of that most undesirable condition, a long engagement.

But you assured me with much spirit that you had every confidence in your power to win Mrs. Duncan's heart, and to crown her declining years with peace and happiness.

As well talk of decking a porcupine with wreaths of flowers, and making it a household pet, to coddle and caress.

## To Young Mrs. Duncan

When I congratulated Mrs. Duncan on her son's engagement to such a sweet, bright girl as my cousin, she assumed a martyr expression and said, "She hoped he would be happy, even if her own heart must suffer the pain of losing an only son."

"But," I urged, "he really adds to your life by bringing you the companionship of a lovely daughter. My cousin will, I am sure, prove such to you."

"I have no doubt your cousin is a most estimable girl," Madame Duncan answered, with dignity, "but I have never yet felt the need of any close companion save my son. You, having no children, are excusable for not understanding my feelings, now when another claims his thoughts."

"Yet the world is maintained by such occurrences," I replied. "You took some mother's son, or you would not have had your own."

With austere self-righteousness Mrs. Duncan corrected me.

"I married an orphan," she said.

"How thoughtful of you," I responded. "But you see it is not lack of thought, only an accident of fate, which has prevented my cousin from marrying an orphan. There are not enough desirable orphans to keep our young women supplied with husbands, you know."

I think Mrs. Duncan suspected me of covert sarcasm, for she changed the topic of conversation. But I heard her afterward talking to a bevy of women on the sorrow of giving up a child after having reared him to manhood's estate, and her listeners all seemed duly sympathetic.

Of course, my dear Ruth, there is an element of sadness in the happiest of marriages for the parents of children. I think it is particularly sad when a mother gives up a daughter, whose every thought she has shared, and whose every pleasure she has planned, and sees her embark upon the uncertain ocean of marriage, with a strange pilot at the helm.

The really good and loving mother endears herself to that pilot, and loves him and seeks

his affection for her daughter's sake. She hides her own sorrow in her heart, and does not shadow her daughter's voyage by her repining.

The man who is worthy of a good girl's love will understand what it must mean to a mother to give her daughter to him, and he will in every way seek to recompense her for her loss, by bestowing upon her sympathy, courteous attentions, and a son's devotion.

Just so will the girl, who is worthy of being a good man's wife, seek to make his mother love her.

I know how you have tried to win Mrs. Duncan's heart. I know your amiable, sweet disposition, and your unselfishness and tact, and I know how you failed.

I can imagine your feelings when you overheard Mrs. Duncan say to a caller that she was going to leave your house and take rooms elsewhere, as she could not endure your "billing and cooing."

Do you know, Ruth, that nearly all the

trouble between mothers- and daughters-in-law is due to vanity and jealousy.

Fifty mothers are friends to their daughters' husbands where one is a friend to her son's wife. That is because, wholly unconsciously to herself, the mother resents another woman sharing the attention of a man she loves. The fact that he is her son, and that the love he gives his wife is a wholly different sentiment, does not prevent blind, unreasoning jealousy from dominating her nature.

Mrs. Duncan wants to stand always in the centre of the stage, with every other woman in the play in the background.

It is a most pathetic situation for a man, — this position between a wife and a jealous mother. My heart always aches for the man in the case even more than for the woman who is misused.

All young men are reared to think mother-love the most unselfish and wonderful devotion on earth, even in the face of facts which so often prove it otherwise; and when a son sees

his mother unhappy he is inclined to make every possible excuse for her, because he feels that to take issue against her will put him in a false light before the whole established order of society, and that he will beat his head against traditions wherever he turns.

So, he ofttimes tries to conciliate the wife he has promised to cherish, and to convince her that she may exaggerate matters, and that she may even be the aggressor, and then he finds himself standing between two raging fires, with no escape save through flames, and over hot fagots, which will leave him scarred for life.

Sometimes the wife *is* in the wrong. Sometimes a man marries a woman who is so narrow and so selfish and so jealous that she begrudges the husband's mother her son's affection. But I must affirm that, in my observation of humanity, I have seen but one such wife, where I have seen ten jealous and unreasonable mothers.

And with what pleasure and admiration I

recall the few beautiful and noble mothers-in-law I have known! I can count them on the fingers of one hand without including the thumb. I mean mothers of sons.

There are just four whom I can recall. They really loved their sons, and loved whatever and whoever gave those sons happiness.

One mother objected to her son's choice before marriage, and tried vainly to convince him that he had made a mistake. But after his marriage she took the girl into her heart, made her a companion and friend, and when the son began to discover her glaring faults, she told him to be patient and wait, and that all would be well. Instead of saying, "I told you so," she said, "Your wife is young, and has had no wise hand to guide her. You married her for love, and if you exercise the love-spirit, and are patient and self-controlled in your treatment of her, she will overcome these faults which annoy you."

And day by day she called his attention to the pleasing qualities the girl possessed, and by

praise, tact, love, and sympathy bridged over the threatened chasm.

The couple live happily together to-day, thanks to the mother-in-law. Oh, that there were more such mothers of sons!

Be as patient and sweet as you can, dear Ruth, toward Mrs. Duncan; think how difficult the situation is for your husband, and say or do nothing to make it harder for him. But allow Mrs. Duncan to live by herself, and, if need be, bear many privations cheerfully that she may do so, and that you may have your own home in peace. Every wife is entitled to that, and if she has made every possible effort which love and tact can make to cast the seven devils of jealousy out of her mother-in-law, and they still remain, it is for the general welfare that two separate households exist.

When a son has done all he can in reason to make his mother happy, save to turn against the wife he has promised to cherish, he is a cad and a weakling if he does the latter.

He must learn that it is a larger duty to be a just man than to be an obedient son.

I am sure Mr. Duncan will have the character and judgment to do what is right in this matter.

# To a Young Man

*Ambitious for Literary Honours*

Your achievements in college, where you distinguished yourself in rhetoric and literature, would justify you in thinking seriously of a career as an author.

And the fact that your father wishes you to take charge of his brokerage business, and to relinquish your literary aspirations, should not deter you from carrying out your ambitions.

From your mother you inherit a mind and temperament which wholly unfit you for the pursuits your father follows and enjoys. You are no more suited to make a successful broker than he is fitted to write an Iliad.

Try and make him understand this, and try

and convince him that to yield to his wishes in this matter, means the sacrifice of your tastes, the waste of your talents, and the destruction of your happiness.

If he cannot be convinced by your consistent and respectful arguments, then you must quietly, but firmly, refuse to accept a career distasteful to you.

No parent has a right to drive a child into so undesirable a path for life as this would prove to one of your nature.

Your father would think the horticulturist insane, who took a delicate fern and planted it in arid soil, on a hilltop, far from shade, and expected it to thrive and bear blossoms like the cactus.

Yet this would be no more unreasonable, than to expect a son of your temperament and inclinations to be happy and successful in Wall Street.

It is a curious study to watch parents, and to observe their utter lack of knowledge regarding a child's nature and capabilities; and to find

them not only ignorant in those important matters, but unwilling to be enlightened.

You say it makes your father angry to have any one refer to your literary talents.

I remember when your father bred race-horses, and how proud he was that a two-year-old colt showed traits and points noticeably like its high-priced dam.

He chose for your mother, a woman of rare mind, and of poetic taste, and why should he not be proud and glad that his son resembles her? When will fathers learn that sons are more frequently like their mothers, and daughters like their fathers, than otherwise?

The temporary dissatisfaction of your father is not so sad to contemplate as your own life-long disappointment if you accede to his wishes in this matter.

Each individual has a right to choose his own career in life, so long as that career is respectable and bodes no evil to humanity.

If, as your father threatens, he refuses to give you support while you are exploring the field of

literature, you should feel grateful to him for this unintentional incentive to success.

I do not agree with those who consider the necessity to earn money a misfortune to genius.

I believe the greatest works of art given to the world have been brought to light through necessity.

The artistic temperament is almost invariably combined with a propensity to dream, and to float upon the clouds of imagination.

The ranks of wealth and comfort are full of talented and accomplished people who "never are, but always to be" great.

One great man in a score may have been reared in affluence, but I doubt if the statistics would show so large a percentage.

There are many hills which contain valuable ore, but if the owner sits in ease upon these elevations, and gazes at the sunsets, he does not find the ore. If he is a poor man, and takes his pick and *digs*, he finds his fortune.

At first he may cast out only loose earth and stones, but by this very necessity to find

valuables, he continues to search until the ore is reached.

Were you to remain at home and enjoy all the benefits of your father's wealth, I doubt if you would have the persistence to dig down into the mine you possess within you.

You would sit on the hilltop and dream.

If you are forced to write to live, you may cast up some rubbish from the surface; yet by the continual digging you will reveal all that lies below.

Regarding the style you speak of adopting, let your feeling come *first*, your style of expressing that feeling *second*. Say nothing merely to exhibit your style — and hold back some strong feelings until you can give them the best expression.

As to the methods of getting your work before the public and the "influence" you need, I can only assure you that unless you write with purpose, and power, and passionate enjoyment of your art, forgetful of all things save your desire to express yourself, no influence

on earth can do more than give you a page in a magazine, or a column in a newspaper for an occasion or two. And if you do write under those conditions, you will need no influence: for it is just such writing the world wants; and the editors and publishers will be forced to read you, whether they are inclined to or not.

Christopher Columbus found his continent because he was so determined, so persistent, so certain that unknown lands awaited him.

It made no difference who told him that all the earth had been discovered, and that he would never be able to succeed in his wild venture. His purpose was too strong to be influenced by the doubts of others.

It has always seemed to me that God would have made a continent to reward such a search, had it not already existed.

Unless you set forth on the sea of literature, with the spirit of a Columbus in your soul, you may as well give up the idea of finding the Port of Glory. If you do set forth with that spirit, you need ask no mortal influence.

God is the only influence genius needs.

Perseverance the only method.

To find the way to success alone, is the test of talent.

Some influential author might give you the entrée once to a magazine. But editors and publishers are men of purely business instincts, and they will not accept work on the recommendation of any third party, which they think their public will not like. Their constant effort is to find what that public *does like*, and the unknown author has an equal advantage with the genius, if he sends such material.

An author once told me that he "trapped" twenty manuscripts and sent them out to editors, and all came back unread, as his "trap" proved.

Since he sent them forth with such doubts in his mind, it is no wonder his trap succeeded and his manuscripts failed.

No great literary fire of purpose could be in the mind of a man who spent thought and time on such a plot to trick an editor. And because

there was no great flame, the inanimate manuscripts were returned unread. For even a package of paper sends out its "aura," and invites or repels attention.

If you are discouraged by the people who tell you that "everything has been written," and that you can only be a faint echo of greater souls, then you do not deserve success. I have no doubt the croakers of that day told Shakespeare the same.

It seems that Shakespeare did take many old themes and other people's plots and ideas to re-create in his own way. And what a way! Surely he who best uses an idea is most entitled to the credit.

There is nothing new under the sun, but there is always the new audience. For the majestic old poem of Spring, bound over in new covers of green, God creates fresh, eager young eyes and hearts each year. And not yet has he said to the year, "Do not attempt another spring — there have been *so* many before, you can but repeat their beauties." Then why should any

mortal say to the poet or the author, "Do not try to write — it has all been said before."

Proceed, my young friend, and write what is in your heart. Nothing quite the same was ever in any heart before, and yet the greater part of it has been in all hearts, and will be in all hearts, so long as the world lasts.

Remember that when you write from the heart, it will go to the hearts of your readers: and when you write from your head it will go no lower than the head.

And if the critics score or ridicule you, consider yourself on the path to success.

If you have a message for the world, nothing and nobody can prevent you from delivering it.

He only fails who has nothing to say.

# To Mrs. McAllister

*Concerning Her Little Girl*

How strange it seems that your daughter is ten years old.

It is such a brief hour since you wrote me you were eighteen and had entered Vassar. Having no children of my own to stand as milestones on life's highway, and keeping a very young heart in my breast all these years, it seems at times little less than impertinent in the children I have known to develop so rapidly into matrons and fathers.

I am glad for you that the doctor has reached the desirable goal where he can rest from his laborious profession for two years, and take that journey abroad you have so long contemplated. And I am glad that you feel the

satisfaction you say you do, in never having left him alone for a whole season as you once thought of doing.

A satisfied conscience is a better comrade to journey along beside, than a remembered pleasure.

But now about Genevieve.

You tell me she is to be left with your sister, and that she will, for the first time, attend the public school.

You are right in thinking this will make her more American in spirit than an education gained through home teaching or private schools.

The girl who attends private schools only, is almost invariably inoculated with the serum of aristocracy.

She believes herself a little higher order of being than the children who attend public schools, and it requires continual association with people of broad common sense to counteract this influence. I know you and the doctor have exerted this influence, but your sister

might not realize the necessity of making a special effort in that direction.

Then, too, since the fathers or grandfathers of our most conspicuous social leaders were self-made and self-taught, and since our American society is composed of so many varied types of humanity, it is well for a young girl to come in contact with all classes while she is yet a child, that she may understand humanity as she is sure to encounter it later. Yet, as you say, it is indeed a serious thought to know your little rosebud of a child is to be tossed into the dust of the public schoolroom.

"I do not want the delicate leaves forced into premature blossom or blight," you say, and I feel for you, as I read the words.

You remember your own experience as a school-child in the country, and you tell me you would fain guard your daughter from hearing or seeing much that came to your ears and eyes as a school-child.

But now, my dear Winifred, listen.

It is utterly and absolutely impossible for you

to keep Genevieve ignorant of *life*, or of the great fundamental principles of life. It is utterly useless to undertake to ignore the set impulse in all nature. Since God did not ignore it in constructing the universe, parents cannot afford to in educating children. The one thing to do is to teach your child early to respect and revere the subject, and to regard all things pertaining to birth as sacred, never to be lightly discussed. Wherever the eyes of an observing child turn, they see something to arouse curiosity upon this subject.

All literature (the Bible particularly) contains some reference to sex and birth. Unless you stuff the ears of children with cotton, they must hear expressions, suggestions, and references, which necessitate explanations of the same vital subject. From insects to man, through all the various kingdoms, sex laws are the foundation of life.

Why parents have chosen to taboo this important subject, and why they surround it with falsehood and subterfuge, and suggest that it

is unclean or vulgar, has always puzzled me.

Inconceivable harm, lifelong disaster, has befallen many a girl and many a boy through this mistaken attitude of parents to God's basic law of the universe.

Genevieve is only ten. But she is a child with a most inquiring mind, and she already indicates a tendency to coquetry. She prefers boys to dolls, and evidently finds them more interesting than girls.

The things you would guard her from knowing, she is sure to learn in some undesirable and unfortunate manner, unless you prepare her for them with loving delicacy and refinement.

My suggestion is that you take a plant, and talk to her about its growth. Tell her how it springs from a seed, and hides in the bosom of the earth, expanding until it bursts through, and becomes the baby of mother earth.

Tell her, too, of the bird life in the egg, and make her realize the mother-impulse in all nature. Then say to her that she is a part of it all and

that she came into life by the same divine law, and that when she is older you will explain whatever puzzles her young mind.

Tell her that she was carried under your heart, as the sprout was carried in the bosom of mother earth, and that it is a very holy and beautiful thing; so holy and so beautiful that the refined and sweet people of the world do not talk freely of the subject, but keep it like a religion, for those very near to them.

Then say, You will hear other children, who have not been told this by their mothers, speak rudely and even jest on this subject. They are to be pitied, for not knowing such jests are vulgar, but you must walk away from them, and refuse to listen, after telling them your mother has explained all you need to know. Impress upon her that she is never to discuss the topic with any one else, unless you advise her to do so.

I have known only two mothers who took this method with their children, but both succeeded in rearing beautiful and remarkable daughters and sons. For the sons were included in the

talk by one mother, and they were ideal boys and gentlemen — popular with, and respected by their comrades, in spite of their delicacy and reserve on subjects jested over by other boys.

I am sure that you can protect Genevieve from the soil and shock you fear for her, by making her your confidante at this early age, and by convincing her of your loving companionship in the future. Under no other conditions would I for one day allow a little girl (or a little boy for that matter) to attend a public school. Not one parent in a thousand realizes the moral dangers surrounding small children who go to and from school in country or city places.

Many remember their own precocious education on forbidden topics, yet seem to imagine their children will be immune from such experiences.

But until the Creator produces life by some new process, children will never be exempt from curiosity regarding the present method, and parents may as well realize the fact and become their children's reverent instructors, instead of

leaving them to be taught God's holiest truths by vulgar chance or dreadful design.

Do not imagine that innocence necessitates ignorance.

Your child will be far more innocent minded, if you give her the instruction I suggest, than if you leave her to ungoverned imagination and unenlightened observation.

Deep in each human entity the sex impulse is planted, and will assert itself sooner or later.

Ignorance and curiosity lead often to precocious development of the impulse. By proper care on your part, your child's mind may be kept normal, innocent, and wholesome.

See to it that you give this important care before you leave.

# To Mr. Kay Gilbert

*Attorney at Law, Aged Thirty*

My dear Mr. Gilbert: — Your letter followed me across the ocean, and chanced to be the first one opened and read in my weighty home mail to-day. I have lost all trace of you during the last six years, in that wonderful way people can lose sight of one another in a large city. Once or twice I heard you had just left some social function as I arrived, or was expected just as I was leaving, and once, recently, I saw you across the house at a first night, with a very pretty girl at your side. I fancy this is the "one woman in the world for you," of whom you speak in the letter before me — the letter written the evening before your marriage.

## To Mr. Ray Gilbert

How good you are to carry out my request made seven years ago, and to write me this beautiful letter, after reading over and burning your former boyish epistle, returning to me my reply.

It is every man's duty to himself, his bride, and the other woman, to destroy all evidences of past infatuations and affections, before he enters the new life. It is every woman's duty to do the same—*with a reservation*. Since men demand so much more of a wife than a wife demands of a husband, a woman is wise to retain any proof in her possession that some man has been an honourable suitor for her hand. She should make no use of such evidence, unless the unaccepted lover indulges in disrespectful comments or revengeful libels, as some men are inclined to when the fruit for which they reached is picked by another hand.

And it is when the grapes are called sour that the evidence may prove effective of their having been thought sweet and desirable.

It is a curious fact that no woman thinks less

of a man for his having had his vain infatuations, and that all men think less of a woman if she has loved without response.

Therefore, it behoves her to destroy no evidence that the other man, not herself, was the discarded party.

But woe unto the man who retains old love-letters, or other tokens of dead loves and perished desires.

Few men could be guilty of showing or repeating the contents of another man's love-letters. Women who are models of virtue and goodness have been known to make public the letters written a man in earlier years by another object of his affections. I have to my personal knowledge known a woman to place before the eyes of a third person, lines written evidently in the very heart's blood of a former sweetheart of her husband — words the man believed he had destroyed with other letters, more than a score of years before. Imagine what the feelings of that early sweetheart, now a happy and beloved wife, would be, did she know the words

written so long ago were spread before cold and critical eyes, and discussed by two people who could have no comprehension of the conditions and circumstances which led to their expression.

Because I know otherwise tender-hearted and good women are capable of such acts, I am glad you have obeyed my wish of seven years ago, and that all proofs of your boyish infatuation for an older woman are destroyed. You say you have told the girl you love that you once were foolishly fond of me, and that I helped you to higher ideals of womanhood and life.

That is wise and well, since you found her to be broad and sensible enough to share such a confidence. But had she seen your written words to me and my reply, it would have been less agreeable to her than to hear your own calm recital of the now dead passion.

Words written in a state of high-wrought intensity retain a sort of phosphoric luminosity, like certain decaying substances, and even after the passage of years, and when the emotions

which gave them expression are dead and forgotten, they seem to emit life and feeling.

*Burn your bridges as you walk along the highways of romance to St. Benedict's land.*

Since you compliment me by saying I have helped you to higher ideals of life, will you allow me to give you a little advice regarding your treatment of your wife?

You have every reason to know that I have been a happy and well-loved wife of the man of my choice. You know that I have neither sought nor accepted the attentions of other men when they crossed the danger-line lying between friendship and love.

Therefore it may astonish you when I confess that, at the time you temporarily lost your head, I was conscious of an undercurrent of feminine vanity at the thought that I was capable of inspiring a young and talented man with so sincere a feeling.

A similar experience with an older man would have suggested an insult, since older men understand human nature, and realize what a flirta-

tion with a married woman means. But your ingenuousness, and your romantic, boyish temperament, were, in a measure, an excuse for your folly, and made me lenient toward you.

My happy life, my principles and ideals, submerged this sentiment of feminine vanity to which I confess, but I knew it was there, and it led me to much meditation, then and ever since, upon the matter of woman's weakness and folly.

As never before, I was able to understand how a neglected or misused wife might mistake this very sentiment of flattered vanity for the recognition of an affinity.

Had I been suffering from coldness and indifference at home, how acceptable your boyish devotion might have proved to me.

And how easily I would have been persuaded by your blind reasoning that we were intended by an all-wise Providence for life companions.

There is no sin a woman so readily forgives as a man's unruly love for her, and hundreds of noble-hearted women have been led to regard a lawless infatuation as a divine emotion, be-

cause they were lonely, and neglected, and hungry for affection.

See to it, my dear friend, as the years go by, that your wife needs no romance from the outside world to embellish her life with sentiment.

Do not drop into the humdrum ways of many contented husbands, and forget to pay the compliment, and cease to act the lover.

Notice the gowns and hats your wife wears, and share her pleasures and interests when it is possible.

Not that you should always be together, for separate enjoyments and occupations sometimes lend an added zest to life for husband and wife, but do not drift apart in all your ideas and interests, as have so many married people.

You are the husband of a bright and lovely girl, and if you forget this fact after a time, remember there are other Ray Gilberts who may realize it, and seek to awaken such an interest in her heart as you sought to arouse in mine.

You found the room occupied by its rightful host.

## To Mr. Ray Gilbert

See to it that no man finds the room vacant in your wife's heart.

Study the art of keeping your wife interested and interesting.

A woman thrives on love and appreciation. I know a beautiful bride of eighty years, who has been the daily adoration of her husband for more than half a century.

She has been "infinite in her variety," and he has never failed to appreciate and admire.

Devote a portion of each day to talking to your wife about herself.

Then she will not find it a novelty when other men attempt the same method of entertainment.

Whatever other matters engross your time and attention, let your wife realize that she stands first and foremost in your thoughts and in your heart.

Do not forget the delicacies of life, manner, speech, and deportment in the intimacy of daily companionship.

Never descend to the vulgar or the commonplace.

One characteristic of men has always puzzled me. No matter how wide has been a bachelor's experience with the wives and daughters of other men, when he marries it never occurs to him that his wife or daughters could meet temptation or know human weakness.

It must be the egotism of the sex.

Each man excuses the susceptibility of the women with whom he has had romantic episodes, on the ground of his especial power or charm. And when he marries, he believes his society renders all the women of his family immune from other attractions.

Do not rely upon the fact that your wife is legally bound to you, and therefore need not be wooed by you hereafter.

There are women who are born anew with each dawn, and who must be won anew with each day, or the lover loses some precious quality than can never be regained.

It will pay you to study your wife as the years pass.

Do not take for granted that you know her

to-day, because you knew her thoroughly last year.

This is a long letter, but when one writes only once in seven years, brevity is not to be expected.

My greeting to you, and may the years be weaver's hands, which shall interlace and bind two lives into one complete pattern.

# To the Sister of a Great Beauty

I AM far from laughing, my dear girl, at your assertion that your position is little short of tragic.

To be the ordinary sister of an extraordinary beauty, is a position which calls for the exercise of all the great virtues in order to be borne with dignity, good taste, and serenity.

I remember seeing you and Pansy when you were ten and she twelve years of age. I foresaw what lay before you then, and have often wondered how you would meet the occasion when you were both "finished," and at home under the same roof, and socially launched. It was wise for your mother to separate you so

early in life, and place you under different teachers, and in different schools.

It is difficult for a girl in her late childhood and early teens to use philosophy and religion to support her, when she is made a Cinderella by unthinking associates and friends, and forgotten and neglected while a more attractive sister is lionized.

Had you always walked in the shadow of your handsome sister until to-day, I fancy your disposition would have become warped with resentment and envy.

And perhaps your feelings for Pansy would have been less affectionate than now.

I am glad to have you tell me that Pansy is so modest and unassuming and so genuinely solicitous for your happiness.

She must have been particularly fortunate in her environment while at school to possess such qualities after knowing as she has known for twenty-two years that her beauty is dazzling to the eye of even the chance beholder.

There is no greater obstacle to the develop-

ment of the best qualities in a young woman than the possession of such unusual beauty. From her cradle she is made to realize its power, and men and women teach her in a thousand unconscious ways to be selfish and self-centred. She receives attentions, and her acquaintance is sought, with no effort on her part, while more gifted and deserving companions are unnoticed. She is made to realize that she is one to be served, where less attractive girls are taught to "stand and wait."

The love nature of each human being is either developed or stunted by neglect during the early years of life, and, as a rule, the beautiful woman is incapable of a deep, absorbing, and unselfish love, because she has grown up the receiver instead of the giver.

Were you, my dear Sallie, to know the number of great beauties who have failed to find happiness in marriage, you would be amazed. But the explanation is simple; for man is a being who, however he may worship beauty before marriage, worships his own comfort more

deeply afterward. And it is rare indeed when a famous beauty troubles herself to plan for the comfort or happiness of the man she marries. It is the natural result of her education to think man made to adore and serve her.

I hope Pansy may keep her loving and lovable qualities, and that she may marry before the adoration and admiration of many men become necessary to her life. For the beauties' matrimonial barque most often founders on the reef of plural lovers.

As for yourself, I can only suggest that you acquire many accomplishments, and perfect yourself in music and languages, and that you seek for the attainment of all the subtle graces, which are, in the long run, more lasting as sources of happiness for a woman than mere beauty. It is a peculiarly significant fact that the great passions of history have not been inspired by very young or startlingly beautiful women, but by those of maturity and mental charms.

Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Aspasia, Petrarch's

Laura, had all crossed the line between youth and middle life, and there are no authentic proofs that any one of the number was a dazzling beauty. Some of the world's most alluring women have been absolutely plain.

You are not plain. It is only by comparison that you so regard yourself.

There is much you can do to make yourself more attractive personally. You know what Rochefoucauld said: "No woman is in fault for not being beautiful at sixteen; any woman is in fault if she is not beautiful at forty."

However much it may sound like a platitude, it is a great and eternal truth that your mental activities are chiselling your features. By keeping yourself concerned with good, gracious, and great thoughts, you are shaping your face into a noble beauty minute by minute, and hour by hour.

Avoid as much as possible looking at repulsive and ugly objects.

Look at whatever is beautiful and seek for it.

Search for whatever is admirable in nature

and human nature, and muse upon those things in your moments of solitude.

Cultivate love-thoughts for humanity at large.

Avoid severe criticisms, and develop sympathy and pity in your soul. Study the comfort and pleasure of strangers in public places, and friends and associates in nearer relations.

Remember always how brief a thing, and oft-times sad, life is to many, and seek to brighten and better it as you pass along.

Meanwhile, take care of your person, study your lines and your features, and learn how to dress and how to carry yourself; how to obtain "presence," that indescribable charm in woman.

Take daily care of your complexion, which to a woman is of prime importance.

Call in the skill of the specialist to help you preserve and beautify your skin and hair, just as the dentist and the oculist are to be consulted to help you preserve teeth and eyes. Think beauty for mind, soul, and body; live it, and believe it is your right.

And just as surely as you pursue this line of

conduct for ten years, just so surely will you find yourself at thirty far more attractive than at twenty, and at forty more lovely than at thirty. Learn to be a linguist, and acquire skill upon some one instrument, that you may entertain those who care to converse, and give pleasure to those who wish to be silent.

You are young, and life with its splendid possibilities is before you. There is nothing a woman with youth, will-power, and *love* may not accomplish — even to the convincing of the world that she is beautiful, when her mirror may say otherwise.

For enduring and all-encompassing beauty is a composite thing, and unless a woman possesses the spiritual and mental portions, the physical phase soon loses its attractions for the cultivated eye; while with the development of the first two, the third is certain to come.

Begin to-day, my dear girl, to *grow beauty* which shall make you a power and an influence in the world where you move, and which shall invite, rather than fear, the approach of time.

# To Mrs. White Peak

*One of the Pillars of Respectable Society*

Ever since your call and our conversation regarding Sybyl Marchmont, I have felt a rising tide of indignation. It has reached the perigee mark and must overflow. If it reaches you and gives you a thorough soaking, I shall feel satisfied.

I have always known you were only half-developed. There are many such people in the world. They serve their purpose and often do much good. They miss a great deal of life, but as they rarely know that they miss anything, it is a waste of sentiment to pity them.

I have pitied you, nevertheless. I have often wished I could give you the vital qualities you lack.

My pity turned to indignation when I heard you express yourself in such unqualified terms of condemnation regarding other women who happened to be unlike you in temperament.

You say there is a certain line which no well-born and womanly woman can pass in thought or feeling or action.

You regard the true women of earth as a higher and rarer order of creation than the best of men, and any woman who by action or word confesses herself to be quite human in her temperament, you feel is, to a certain extent, "unclean and unsexed." You believe the really good women of earth are always on a plane above and beyond the physical. When any woman falls from her pedestal you despise her.

How dare you, madam, sitting in your cold, white chastity, lay down laws of what you consider purity, morality, and cleanliness, for other human souls?

How dare you condemn those who do not reach your standard?

What do you know of life, great, palpitat-

ing, throbbing, vital life, terrible and beautiful life, terrible while passing through the valleys of temptation, beautiful upon the heights of self-control?

How dare you assume greater virtue, greater respectability, greater fineness of sentiment, than the tempest-tossed, passion-beaten souls about you?

What do you know of real virtue, real strength?

You have been poor, you tell me, in worldly riches, and you have been lonely, yet you have never once degraded your womanhood by an "unworthy" impulse. Never known a temptation of the senses. Those things disgusted you.

You have preferred toil to taking favours from inferiors, and you have kept yourself clean in thought, word, and deed, and now you have the reward of such virtues — a good home, a husband, and children.

You are a more devoted mother than wife, as you have always dwelt upon a lofty white peak of chaste womanhood, from which any

descent into the earthly realms of life and love was repugnant — so rarely "pure" and high your nature.

Yet you have been a dutiful, loyal wife, and you are a devoted mother.

You despise all carnal-minded women, and cannot understand how women fall — save that they lack good birth and breeding.

You will aid in a benefit for their reformation, but you do not want to see them or to come near them. It makes you ill.

You are to be congratulated on never having added to the evil in the world.

But permit me, madam, to tell you some truths about yourself — and the large army of "respectable women" you represent.

However "well born" you may be, you are only half-born. The complete human being has three sides to his nature — spiritual, mental, physical.

The men and women who are evenly developed on the three sides are few. This is sometimes their fault — sometimes their misfortune.

We all pity the human being who is mentally dwarfed. We are sorry for the one whose spiritual nature is undeveloped.

But why should the many women who are devoid of the physical qualities of human nature presume to lay claim to perfection and to regard the normal woman as a suspicious character?

You have a fine, active mind, a highly spiritual nature, but you are stunted in strong, physical emotion. You are incapable of it, and pride yourself upon the fact.

If that pleases you, well and good.

But how dare you criticize God's *complete human* beings, who feel the great vibrations of the universe, who glow and thrill with that divine creative force, who live a thousand lives and die a thousand deaths before they learn the glory of self-conquest.

How dare you shrink even from those who fall by the wayside, and call your shrinking "purity"!

Let me ask you another question:

How dare you turn away from that girl who

went through the door of the Magdalene Home you helped establish, with her fatherless child in her arms?

She fell from woman's holy estate!

Yes, through mad love for a man — she loved him with her soul, her mind, her body. She lacked knowledge, balance, and wisdom; she had only love and passion.

And you, madam, how about *your* children?

They were born of a "dutiful" wife. You descended from your lofty altitude unwillingly — only at duty's call. You are so "refined," yet you are a loving mother and pose as the highest type of woman.

*God never made in his whole universe of worlds such a "duty" as unwilling motherhood.* Motherhood without the call of sex for sex is indecent — criminal. You, too, madam, *fell.*

That girl in yonder "home" your "charity" helped establish, who loved unwisely, fell. Her fall was through love — yours through a legal ceremony.

All the churches, all the religions and the laws of earth, cannot make motherhood holy and right without the mutual mental, spiritual, and physical union of two beings.

Heaven and earth *both* must sanction a child's conception to produce a "well-born" soul.

There is no greater sin on earth than the creation of a human life without complete accord of the creators.

No wonder the world is full of miserable half-born beings, when mothers like *you* claim to be the Madonnas of earth.

No wonder natural, complete, striving souls hide their true natures under a false exterior, when women like *you* rule church and society.

What shame or degradation is there, pray, in being animate with the all-pervading impulse which underlies the entire universe? Every planet, every tree, every flower, every insect, is the result of sex seeking sex, atom calling atom.

The universe *is* because of the law of sex attraction.

And you, poor, puny, pallid woman, dare

decry and despise that law, and dare insult God's animate creature!

Know this, madam, there is no strength worth boasting that has not conquered weakness. No virtue worth the name that has not conquered temptation. No greatness of character that has not overcome unworthy impulses.

Enjoy your negative goodness and be glad you are "good."

Morality is acceptable to the world, however it comes; but dare not sit in judgment on other human beings fighting battles whose smoke never reaches your nostrils, striving for heights of which you never even dream, and who meanwhile have missed certain degradations which you seem to consider creditable achievements.

Madam, I bid you adieu. That word means "I commend you to God," the God who made the two sexes, and intended love to unite them.

May He enlighten you in other lives, if not in this.

# To Maria Owens

*A New Woman Contemplating Marriage*

Surprise, I am free to confess, was my dominant emotion on reading your letter. Marriage and Maria had never associated themselves in my mind, fond as I am of alliteration.

Never in the ten years I have known you have I heard you devote ten minutes to the subject of any man's good qualities. You always have discoursed upon men's faults and vices, and upon their tendency, since the beginning of time, to tyrannize over woman. I was unable to disprove many of your statements, for I know the weight of argument is upon your side, even while I boldly confess my admiration and regard for men, as a class, is greater than that for women.

The fact that the world has allowed men such

latitude, and such license, and made them pay such very small penalties, comparatively speaking, for very large offences, causes me to admire their wonderful achievements in noble living all the more: and to place the man of unblemished reputation and unquestioned probity on a pedestal higher than any I could yet ask builded for woman.

It is more difficult to be great before the extended tentacles of the self-indulgence octopus than in the face of oppression and danger. When the laws of the land and the sentiment of the people permit a man to be selfish, licentious, tyrannical, and yet call him great if he accomplishes heroic deeds, it proves what intrinsic worth must lie in the nature of those who attain the heights of unselfishness and benevolence, and martyrdom, asking no reward and often receiving none until posterity bestows it.

Those who can take the broad road of selfishness unmolested, and choose the narrow path of high endeavour instead, seem to me greater than those who overcome mere externals.

Many such men have existed, and the steady, slow, but certain progress of the world from barbarism to civilization, from accepted cannibalism and slavery to ideals of brotherhood, we owe to them. All new discoveries, all greatest achievements are due to men. Woman, I know, has been handicapped and oppressed for centuries by superstitions, and traditions, and unjust laws; but it is unfair to ignore the bright, and see only the dark side of the picture, which the centuries have painted for us, on the background of time.

This letter is only a résumé of many conversations between you and me, and it leads up to the explanation of why I am somewhat dazed and stunned by your announcement that marriage is a possible event in your near future.

My self-conceit in regard to my knowledge of human nature every now and then receives a blow. So soon as I have arrived at a positive conviction that I understand any human being thoroughly, and feel that I can safely predict what that person will or will not do, I usually

meet some such bewildering experience as this.

I would have laughed at any one who suggested the possibility of your considering a proposition of marriage.

You tell me you are thirty-five years old, and say you have never before met the man to whom your thoughts reverted, no matter how you endeavoured to occupy yourself with other subjects. You also tell me "he is not like other men." These two statements are wonderfully familiar to me, indeed they have been confided to me in precisely the same words by at least a score of women, young and not so young, who met the compelling man. *Maria, I believe you are in love.* Your heart is awakened from its stupor, caused by an overdose of intellect. For too much intellect is often a drug which deadens the consciousness of a woman's heart. But you have been drugged so long that you are still under a hazy spell, to judge from that portion of your letter which took the form of an inquiry.

You ask my opinion in regard to the point of

disagreement between you and your semi-fiancé. To much that you say I agree. You have carved a name and a place for yourself in the world. Your lectures, and your books, have made your name familiar to many people. Your lover is unknown to the public, a man in the private walks of life. Therefore you think if he loves you as he should to become your husband, he ought to give up his own name and take yours, or at least add yours to his own. You assure me it is merely a matter of habit, that women have obliterated themselves on the altar of marriage, and that it is time a new order was instituted. You think the hour calls for pioneers to establish new boundaries, in a new world where woman will be allowed to keep her individuality after marriage. Meantime your lover does not feel that you really love him, when you ask him to take this somewhat radical step for your sake, or for the sake of all women, as you put it.

And there you both stand, with only this ridiculous barrier between you and happiness.

You are still influenced by the intellectual

drug, and it hinders your heart from following out its best impulses. You have not yet learned more than the A B C of love, or you would know that the greatest happiness in loving lies in sacrifice. To take and not give, to gain something and give up nothing, is not loving. Now I think I hear you saying, "But why should not my lover give this proof of devotion as well as I? Why should not he be ready to sacrifice a tradition, and a name, to please me? Why am I more unloving, or selfish, than he, to refuse to give up my name?"

My answer follows.

Any woman who asks a man to give up his name and take hers (unless some great legal matter which involves the property rights of others hangs on so doing) asks him to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the world. She indicates, also, that her family name and her own achievements are dearer to her than his. No woman loves a man enough to be happy as his wife, if he is not dearer to her than any mere personal success, however great.

## To Maria Owens

The man who asks a woman to take his name obeys a tradition and a custom, to be sure, and the woman who accepts it does not display any especially heroic trait. Therefore, what you demand of your lover is a far greater proof of devotion than what he asks of you. No woman who fully understood the meaning of love could ask this of her future husband. If he occupied the place in her life which a husband should, no matter what were her personal attainments, she would glory in adding his name to her own, and in having its shelter to hide under at times from the glare of publicity.

Should you choose to keep your name Maria Owens with no addition, for your lectures and your books, it is quite probable your husband would not object. And again, if your achievements are worth the thought you give them in this matter, they are great enough to endure even should you add the name of Chester to that of Owens. But certainly, if you love the man you think of marrying, you will be happy in the thought of wearing his name legally and

socially in every-day life, and the sight of a card engraved, "Mrs. Rupert Chester," will give your heart a sweeter thrill than it has ever known in connection with the newspaper notices of Maria Owens.

Unless you can arouse your heart to such an understanding of love, you are not yet acquainted with the little god. If your lover consents to the sacrifice you have demanded, he will indicate a weakness of character which augurs ill for the future: and if you insist upon the sacrifice, you will establish a selfish precedent which can only make you a tyrant in your own domain, and at the same time belittle your husband in the public eye.

However proud and happy you may be in the thought of noble achievements of your own, you must realize that there are many brutal and painful phases to a public career for a woman. These phases do not exist to any such degree for a man. I do not believe it is the result of tradition or habit, but of sex and temperament, that this difference exists, and that the shelter of

a man's name means more to woman than any shelter to be found in her own, and that the sacrifice of her own name means less to her than the sacrifice of his means to him. Unless you can reach this same conclusion, do not marry — for you do not love.

# To Mrs. St. Claire

*The Young Divorcée*

And so you have joined the increasing army of the divorcées.

It is worse than useless to discuss again the causes which led to this situation, and now that the law of the land has made you a free woman, the one thing for you to consider is your future, and to formulate to some degree a code of conduct for your guidance.

You are in the prime of beautiful womanhood, pleasing to the eye, and agreeable to the mind. Women will regard you with more or less mental reservation, and men will seek you at every opportunity.

Some witty creature has said, "A little widow is a dangerous thing."

It might be added, A grass widow whets the appetites of bovines.

You will find yourself at a loss to choose when an escort is needed, so many and persistent will be the applicants for the position.

After having passed through the black waters of an unhappy marriage, this sudden freedom and return to the privileges of girlhood will be liable to affect you like the glare of sunlight after confinement in a dark room.

You will be blinded for a time. It would be well for you to walk slowly, and to use a cane of common sense, and even to feel your way with the outstretched hands of discretion, until you become accustomed to the light.

To fall and scar yourself now, would be a disaster.

It is a curious fact that a woman who has been unhappy with one man usually finds many others ready to give her the opportunity for a repetition of her experience. And it is equally curious that one unhappy marriage frequently leads to another.

A disastrous rencontre with Hymen seems to destroy a woman's finer intuitions. If you feel that you must marry again, go slowly, and wait until the bruised tendrils of your heart have healed and are rooted in healthy soil. Do not let them twine about any sort of a dead tree or frail reed. Run no chance of a second sorrow.

One divorce always contains elements of tragedy. A second becomes a farce.

You tell me that you and your former husband entertain the kindest feeling for each other. You have seen him and talked with him on several occasions, and you regard him as a friend. You say all love and sentiment perished long before your separation, and that to continue as his wife was to die a thousand deaths daily.

You tell me that your own higher development demanded this separation. I know such situations do exist in the world of men and women, and that to submit to them is a crime. Yet I also know that this idea of "development" is used often as a cloak for all sorts of selfish impulses and moods.

Many men and women to-day seem to forget that certain other objects besides happiness enter into self-development.

It is not only the pilot who deserts the ship and swims ashore who saves his life. The one who keeps his hand on the wheel, and his eye on the lighthouse, he, too, sometimes saves his own life, as well as saves the ship.

But since to jump overboard was the only way to save your own life, now that you are ashore, and dry, and comfortable, your first consideration should be to avoid falling into mires and pits as you go along.

Though romance died out of your marriage, do not let it die out of your heart. It is commendable that you feel no bitterness or resentment toward your husband. But do not carry your kindly feelings toward him to the extent of frequent association and comradeship.

Outside of criminal situations, life offers no more ghastly and unpleasant picture than that of dead passion galvanized into a semblance of

friendship, and going about the world devoid of the strong elements of either sentiment.

There is something radically wrong with a woman's ideals when she does not feel an instinctive unwillingness to be thrown with the man from whom she has been divorced.

There is something akin to degeneracy in the man or woman who can contemplate without shrinking the intimate encounter of legally parted husbands or wives.

The softening of the human brain is a terrible malady.

Quite as terrible is the hardening of the human heart.

The loss of happiness is deemed a tragedy. But far greater is the tragedy when the illusive charm of romance departs, and love and marriage are reduced to the commonplace. Unless you find the man who carries your whole nature by storm, and who makes you feel that life without him will be insupportable, do not be led again to the altar of marriage.

Life has many avenues for a bright and

charming woman which lead to satisfaction and peace, if not to happiness.

If you desire to be a picturesque figure in the world, remember that the divorced woman who never marries again is far more so than she who has taken the names of two living men.

And remember how much there is in life to do for other people, how much there is to achieve, and how much there is to enjoy, for the woman who has eyes wherewith to see, and ears with which to hear.

Life is a privilege, even to the unhappy. It allows them the opportunity to display the great qualities which God implanted in every soul, and to give the world higher examples of character.

He who leaves such an example to the world earns happiness for eternity.

# To Miss Jessie Harcourt

*Regarding Her Marriage with a Poor Young Man*

And so there is trouble in the house of Harcourt, my dear Jessie. You want to marry your intellectual young lover, who has only his pen between him and poverty, and your cruel father, who owns the town, says it is an act of madness on your part, and of presumption on his.

And you are thinking of going to the nearest clergyman and defying parental authority.

You have even looked at rooms where you believe you and Ernest could be ideally happy. And you want me to act as matron-of-honour at that very informal little wedding.

Now, my dear girl, before you take this important step, give the matter careful study.

## To Miss Jessie Harcourt

Your impulses are beautiful, and your ideal natural and lovely. God intended men and women to choose their mates in this very way, with no consideration of a worldly nature to mar their happiness.

But civilized young ladies are a far call from God's primitive woman. You have lived for twenty-three years in the lap of modern luxury. Your father prides himself upon the fact that, although your mother died when you were very young, he has carefully shielded you from everything which could cast a shadow upon your name or nature. Your lover is fascinated with your absolute purity and innocence. Yet he does not realize that a young woman who has so long "sat in the lap of Luxury," is unfit to be a poor man's wife.

Some girl who might know much more than you of the dark and vulgar side of life, would make him a better companion if he could love her enough to ask her hand in marriage.

The girl who has received the addresses of this fascinating old fellow "Luxury," never

quite forgets him, or ceases to bemoan him if she throws him over for a poor man.

To *look* at two rooms and a bath is one thing, to *live* in them another, after having all your life occupied a suite which a queen might envy, with retinues of servitors at call.

You tell me you could die for your lover.

But can you bathe from a wash-bowl and pitcher, and can you take your meals at cheap restaurants, and make coffee and toast on an oil-stove or a chafing-dish?

Can you wear cheap clothing and ride in trolleys, and economize on laundry bills to prove your love for this man?

You never have known one single hardship in your life; you never have faced poverty, or even experienced the ordinary economies of well-to-do people.

You are an only daughter of wealth — *American wealth.* That sentence conveys a world of meaning. *It means that you are spoiled for anything but comfort in this life.*

For a few weeks you might believe yourself

in a fairy-land of romance if you married your lover and went to live in the two rooms. But at the end of that period you would begin to realize that you were in a very actual land of poverty and discomfort.

Discomfort is relative. Those rooms to the shop-girl who had toiled for years, and lived in a fourth-flight-back tenement, would represent luxury. To you, after a few months, they would mean absolute penury.

You would begin to miss your beautiful home, and your maids, and your carriages. Your husband would know you were missing them, and he would be miserable. Unless your father came to your rescue, your dream of romantic love would end in a nightmare of regret and sorrow.

Your father knows you, — the creature of refined tastes and luxurious habits that he has made you, — and your lover does not. Neither do you know yourself.

It requires a woman in ten thousand, one possessed of absolute heroism, like the old

martyrs who sang at the stake while dying, to do what you contemplate, and to be happy in the doing.

Nothing like a life of self-indulgence disintegrates great qualities. You are romantically and feverishly in love with a handsome and gifted young man. But do not rush into a marriage with him until you can bring your father to settle a competence upon you, or until your lover has spanned the abyss of poverty with a bridge of comfort. You have had no training in self-denial or self-dependence. The altar is a bad place to begin your first lesson.

Wait awhile. I know my advice seems worldly and cold, but it is the result of wide observation.

If you cannot sit in your gold and white boudoir, and be true to Ernest while he battles a few more years with destiny, then you could not remain loyal in thought while you held your numb fingers over a chilly radiator in an uncomfortable flat, or omitted dessert from your dinner menu to cut down expenses.

## To Miss Jessie Harcourt

Your brain-cells have been developed in opulence.

You could not train your mind to inexorable economy, even at the command of Cupid.

Take the advice of a woman of the world, my dear girl, and do not attempt the impossible and so spoil two lives.

Again I say, wait awhile.

There are girls who could be perfectly happy in the position you picture for yourself with Ernest, but not you.

Better hide your ideal in your heart than shatter it on the unswept hearthstone of the commonplace.

Better be in your lover's life the unattained joy, than ruin his happiness by discontent.

It is less of a tragedy for a man to hear a woman say "I cannot go with you," than to hear her say "I cannot stay with you."

# To Miss Jane Carter

*Of the W. C. T. U.*

And so, my dear Jane, I have fallen from my pedestal, in your estimation. Yet, having carefully regarded myself in the mirror, and finding no discolorations, and feeling no wounds or contusions, I think my pedestal must have been very near the earth, else I would be conscious of some bruises.

And now, Jane, to be frank, I am very glad to be off my perch.

I do not want to dwell upon a pedestal.

It necessitates a monotonous life, and it is an unsocial position.

I prefer to walk on the earth, among my fellow creatures.

You were greatly shocked, I saw, when I told my little Russian guest that she might light her

cigarette in my boudoir. Your sudden departure told its own story, and your letter was no surprise. But I am glad you wrote me so frankly, as it gives me the opportunity to be equally frank.

There is nothing more beneficial, in true friendship, than a free exchange of honest criticisms.

You tell me that I lowered my standard by lending countenance to a pernicious and unladylike habit. You felt I owed it to myself, as a good woman, and to my home, as a respectable house, to show my unswerving principles in this matter, and to indicate my disapproval of a disgusting vice, which is growing in our midst.

Life is too short, my dear Jane, in which to achieve all our ideals, and to arrive at all our goals.

I have learned the futility of attempting to reform the whole world in one day. And I have also learned that there are more roads than one, to all destinations.

Miss Ordosky is the daughter of a dear old

friend of my youth, who married a Russian nobleman with more titles than dollars.

Her parents are dead, and Wanda has come to her mother's native land, to teach her father's language. She has come with all her Russian habits and ideas accented by her mother's American indifference to public opinion. The girl is young, lovely, and wholly dependent upon herself for a livelihood. I invited her to be my guest for two months, before establishing herself in her business, with the hope of helping her to adapt herself somewhat to American ideas and customs.

I could never hope for such a result, had I antagonized her the first day under my roof by an austere attitude toward a habit which I knew she had been reared to think proper.

I do not like to see a woman smoke, and I regret as much as you do the increasing prevalence of the vice in America.

Like almost every schoolgirl, I had my day of thinking a surreptitious, cigarette was wonderfully cunning.

That day passed, like the measles and the whooping-cough, and left me immune. I have never seen a woman so beautiful and alluring that she was not less charming when she put a cigarette to her lips. I am confident the habit vitiates the blood, injures the digestion, and renders the breath offensive. I have known many American men who taught their wives to smoke; and I do not know *one* who has not lived to regret it, when the cigarette he fancied would be an occasional luxury became a necessity.

A woman who expects ever to bring children into the world, is little better than a criminal to form such a habit: for, argue as we may for one moral code for both sexes, we cannot change nature's law, which imposes the greater responsibility upon the mother of the unborn child; the child she carries so many months beneath her heart, giving it hour by hour the impression of her mental and physical conditions.

Fathers ought not to smoke or indulge in other bad habits.

*Mothers must not.*

I hope in time to discuss these topics with Wanda, and to make an impression upon her mind by my arguments.

But your methods and mine, dear Jane, differ widely. And, begging your pardon, I believe mine accomplish more good for a larger number of human beings than yours.

And, added to that fact, I get more happiness for myself out of life.

Miss Ordosky would have managed to smoke her cigarette, however rigid had I been in expressing my principles. And she would have found some excuse to shorten her visit under my roof, and then where would be my opportunity to influence her?

As it is, she puffs her cigarette in my company, listens to my opinions, seems to respect my ideas, and is interested in my views of life. We are becoming excellent comrades, and this is far more gratifying to me than to know that I had antagonized her into a formal acquaintance by my aggressive morality. I have an idea that,

before my pretty guest reaches the time when she will consider wifehood and motherhood as life professions, I may convince her from a scientific standpoint that she better abandon her cigarettes. And to convince one's mind is far better than to drive one to submission.

And now, Jane, has it never occurred to you that you have made some mistakes in life by the very methods you are so sorry I did not pursue with Miss Ordosky?

Years ago, I recall your surrounding a certain young man with an aureole of idealism. Then you were obliged to dethrone him from his pedestal because he, too, forsooth, smoked a cigar.

That young man married a woman quite as worthy and good as yourself, and he has made the best of husbands and citizens. I know of no man who does more good in the world in a quiet way than this same unpedestaled old admirer of yours. Whether he still smokes his cigar or not I could not say. But as a man, it seems to me, he is quite as worthy and noble a citizen, as you are a woman.

I know that you are doing all you can, to spread the gospel of clean living abroad in the land, and that your influence is all for a higher standard of morality.

But if you live on too high an altitude, in this world, and refuse to associate with any one who will not climb up to your plane, you are destined to a lonely life, and your sphere of influence is limited. You will do far more good by taking your place with other human beings, and by gradual, sane efforts leading the thoughts of your associates to turn to your wholesome ideas of life. You are making morality unpopular by your present aggressive methods. And you are missing many sweet friendships and experiences by your insistence that all your friends must follow the narrow path you have decided is the only road to good behaviour.

Come down from your pedestal, my dear Jane — come and dwell on the earth.

THE END.

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